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No. 2876—August 19, 1899.

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SEVENTH SERIES. NO. 2876. AUGUST 19, 1899.

FROM BEGINNING
Vol. CCXXII.



THE CONFERENCE AND ARBITRATION.*

The Conference at the Hague has not, as we write, completed its labors. There is the prospect of other conferences being held to continue the work begun in May; and it is much too soon to pronounce a decided opinion as to all the future results of the heroic attempt to lighten the burdens of an armed peace which has become scarcely less costly and heavy than war itself. But however far the results may fall short of the Czar's design—even though history should class it with the many schemes praiseworthy, but for a time futile, emanating from princes, statesmen, or thinkers, to bring in the reign of peace—the Conference will stand out as one of the memorable events of the century. It is folly to try to belittle the gathering at the Hague. Its shortcomings are obvious. But it is a unique event, about the ultimate effects of which one may not dogmatize, and as to which the most hopeful may prove the wisest.

Everything connected with the Czar's Rescript has been dramatic. It appeared when England was waiting with breathless interest the news of the Sirdar's advance into the Soudan. The Czar issued his call for peace, real and durable, his plea for an arrest in the competition of armaments which paralyzed progress, on the day of the unveiling of the monument in the Kremlin to the Emperor, "the Deliverer," Alexander II. He chose Whitsuntide, the season of enlightenment and peace, as the occasion for the gathering of nations. He selected as the place of meeting Holland, the fatherland of Grotius, the chief founder of modern international law. The delegates have been welcomed in the quietest of capitals by the young Queen whose reign had been looked forward to with hope and desire by her subjects.

To the whole world the Czar's Rescript came as a surprise. The inclin-

* 1. *Actes et Documents relatifs au Programme de la Conference de la Paix. Publiés d'ordre du Gouvernement. Par van Daehne van Varick, Docteur en Droit.* La Haye: 1899.

2. *Der Krieg.* Von Johann von Bloch. (*Ueersetzung des Russischen Werkes des Autors.*) *Der Zukünftige Krieg.* Band VI. Berlin: 1899.

3. *Der Ewige Friede.* Von Karl Freiherr v. Stengel. München: 1899.

4. *L'Arbitrage International.* Ferdinand

Dreyfus, avec une préface de Frédéric Passy. Paris: 1894.

5. *History and Digest of the International Arbitrations to which the United States have been a Party.* By John Bassett Moore. Six volumes. Government Printing Office, Washington: 1898.

6. *A Scheme for the Establishment of International Courts, submitted by the London Committee of the International Peace Crusade to the Representatives of the Powers at the Hague Peace Conference.* London: 1899.

ation of many persons who sympathized with the object in view was to deride it as a piece of Utopianism, creditable to the heart of the young ruler, but far removed from the regions of practical politics. Many persons saw in the proposal a cloak for crafty and ambitious designs. Russia wanted time to complete the trans-Siberian railway; she needed money for extending military railways generally; the Conference was intended to lull the suspicion of her adversaries. When the work of reorganization was completed she would begin again her old ways of perfidy and aggrandizement. They pointed as evidence of her insincerity to the reorganization of the Russian artillery, the increase of the Russian fleet, the policy of intrigue and advance in China, and the rude assault on the constitutional liberties of Finland, mainly because they interfered with the unity of the administration and the military organization of Russia, at the very time that preparations were being made for holding a Conference of Peace. On the other hand enthusiasts hailed the Rescript as a priceless boon bestowed by an unlooked-for hand, the harbinger of brighter days for humanity, and the beginning of the long-deferred reign of peace. There seemed no limit to the beneficent possibilities of the near future when the Czar of Russia, the master of the largest armies of the world, became the advocate of peace, earnestly pleaded for disarmament all round, and declared that "mettre un terme à ces armements incessants et rechercher le moyen de prévenir des calamités qui menacent le monde entier, tel est le devoir suprême qui s'impose aujourd'hui à tous les Etats."

In Count Mouravieff's circular of December 30 eight subjects were stated as worthy of consideration. In the first place was mentioned "entente stipulant la non-augmentation pour un

terme à fixer des effectifs actuels des forces armées de terre et de la mer, ainsi que des budgets de guerre y afférents; étude préalable des voies dans lesquelles pourrait même se réaliser dans l'avenir une réduction des effectifs et des budgets ci-dessus mentionnés." The main business of the Conference was to be disarmament. The last place was given to arbitration and mediation. It was the Czar's ambition to accomplish what has been the dream and aspiration of many statesmen. Students had conceived schemes of a European concert which would terminate all difference in a great council of the nations and would one day make war an impossibility. Men acquainted with affairs—Walpole, Metternich, the Duke of Wellington, Sir Robert Peel, Mr. Cobden, to name only a few—had thought that it might be practicable to terminate, in the words of Lord Beaconsfield, "a disastrous system of wild expenditure by mutually, with no hypocrisy," agreeing to a reduction of armaments. It seems a confession of impotence and failure that the Conference should end without having accomplished this object, without having put limits to the ruinous rivalry in military expenditure of the great states of Europe. That confession must be made. Long before the Conference met it became plain that the difficulties in the way of any large measure of disarmament were, for the present, insuperable. All the nations represented at the Hague raised objections. To take our own case Great Britain could not consent to abandon her traditional policy of keeping her fleet equal to the two fleets of any other two powers; and other nations, with aspirations towards the formation of a colonial empire, were not prepared to see this proportion permanent. To take again France and Germany, the military advisers of the latter country saw in the

preparations of its neighbor reasons for increasing its army and fleet. The *status quo*, the natural basis of any arrangement, might be acceptable to States well prepared for any contingency; it was intolerable to others. At a late stage in the proceedings M. de Staal brought forward a proposal that the States of the world should pledge themselves not to increase their armies or navies or their military or naval budgets for some years, an exception being made in the case of Indian and Colonial troops. The exceptions were large and elastic enough to reduce the promises to a nullity, even if it were given by all the States.

To ensure the carrying out of any agreement there must be inspection or control. No one was able to suggest how that could be honestly carried out without intolerable interference. And yet the proposal for a measure of disarmament met with encouragement from practical statesmen. Lord Salisbury, Mr. Balfour, and Mr. Goschen uniformly spoke of it in sympathetic, hopeful terms; and Mr. Goschen gave proof of the sincerity of the Government's good wishes by announcing that they were prepared not to increase our fleet if other countries did likewise. The new President of the French Republic was well affected and sympathetic. Conversing with a distinguished stranger who had expressed doubts as to the feasibility of the Czar's designs, M. Loubet is reported to have said: "Monseigneur, les utopies de la veille sont souvent les vérités du lendemain." But it is a far distant to-morrow. Partial disarmament on a small scale may be carried out. Local disarmament—such as that agreed to by England and the United States at the close of the last war, both countries agreeing not to maintain ships of war on the great lakes—may, at no distant date, be possible. But on a large scale disarmament can

be carried out only as a supplement or consequence of measures going to the root of some of the causes which divide and perturb, irritate and inflame. The war budgets of the world are the expression of the fears, hopes, ambitions, and conflicting aspirations which are abroad. While Germany regards Alsace and Lorraine as "the glads of the Empire," while Frenchmen still talk of revenge, while the Eastern question is still open, and in the Far East an ancient empire is being dismembered, there is little prospect of disarmament.

We are not of those who believe that arbitration can remove or smooth over all the difficulties which imperil the peace of nations. Many controversies lie outside the region of arbitration, and any scheme worthy of serious attention frankly acknowledges this. There are worse evils than war, and one of the greatest would be a craven spirit of readiness to consent to any concessions in order to be able to make money and live at ease. Peace at any price may mean the bankruptcy of national virtue, the great surrender of duties. Nor even where arbitration would be expedient can we look for it being always resorted to. No stipulations in treaties can bind nations when once their passions are aroused. Statesmen who are bent on the aggrandizement of their country will risk all to carry their point, and they will become heroes in the eyes of many of their countrymen by tearing up such compacts. Can the readers of Herr Busch's book fancy Prince Bismarck consenting to submit to any tribunal all outstanding difficulties with France? Would Lord Beaconsfield have been a party to arbitration on some of the points on which he insisted at Berlin? Almost all arbitration schemes—certainly all those seriously discussed, with, perhaps, the exception of the Italo-Argentine Treaty of 1898—

exclude matters affecting the honor of a country or the integrity of its territory.¹ Under cover of these elastic exceptions any questions can be withdrawn from the region of arbitration when national passion demands it. No more instructive discussion of the advantages, and limitations to the uses, of arbitration in international controversies can be found than in the correspondence between Lord Salisbury and Mr. Olney with respect to the Anglo-American treaty which the Senate refused to ratify. Lord Salisbury pointed out that a large class of controversies could not be settled by arbitration; and he drew the following distinction:—

Cases that arise between states belong to one of two classes. They may be private disputes in respect of which the state is representing its own subjects as individuals, or they may be issues which concern the State itself considered as a whole. A claim for indemnity or for damages belongs generally to the first class; a claim to territory or sovereign rights belongs to the second. For the first class of differences the suitability of international arbitration may be admitted without reserve. It is exactly analogous to private arbitration; and there is no objection to the one that would not apply equally to the other. There is nothing in cases of this kind which would make it difficult to find capable and impartial arbitrators. But the other class of disputes stands on a different footing. They concern the State in its collective capacity and all members of each State, and all other States who wish it well, are interested in the issue of the litigation. If the matter in controversy is important, so that defeat is a serious blow to the credit or the power of the litigant who is worsted, that interest becomes a more or less keen partisanship. According to their sympathies, men wish for the victory of

one side or the other. Such conflicting sympathies interfere most formidably with the choice of an impartial arbitrator. By whatever plan the tribunal is selected, the end of it must be that the issues in which the litigant States are most deeply interested will be decided by the vote of one man, and that man a foreigner.²

Accordingly Lord Salisbury proposed to exclude from the provisions of the treaty the graver class of international disputes: "Any difference which in the judgment of either power materially affects the honor or integrity of its territory shall not be referred to arbitration under this treaty except by special agreement." Replying to Mr. Olney's criticisms, Lord Salisbury said:—

Her Majesty's Government are not prepared for this complete surrender of their freedom of action until fuller experience has been acquired. In their view obligatory arbitration on territorial claim is, in more than one respect, an untried plan, of which the working is consequently a matter of conjecture. In the first place, the number of claims which would be advanced under such a rule is entirely unknown. Arbitration in this matter has never as yet been obligatory. Claims by one neighbor of a portion of the land of the other have hitherto been limited by the difficulty of enforcing them. Hitherto, if pressed to the end, they have meant war. Under the proposed system, self-defence by war will in these cases be renounced unless the claim can be said to involve "the national honor and integrity." The protection, therefore, which at present exists against speculative claims will be withdrawn. Such claims may, of course, be rejected by the arbitrators, if there is no great harm done to the claiming party. . . . The first result, therefore, of compulsory arbitration on territorial claims will not improbably be an enormous multiplication of their numbers.³

¹ See article by M. Ferand-Giraud, "Des Traites d'Arbitrage General et Permanent" (*Revue de Droit International*, 29, 332).

² Parliamentary Papers, 1896 (C.—8105), p. 4.

³ *Ibid.* p. 12.

Mr. Olney objected that some of the reservations and changes proposed would destroy the value of international arbitration. In the end Lord Salisbury came round to Mr. Olney's view, and then—strange piece of irony—the Committee of the Senate virtually restored the qualifications and reservations proposed by Lord Salisbury.

Experience of arbitration in private matters does not make one confident as to its complete success in public disputes. In business affairs it is found to have many limitations and shortcomings. It is apt to be tedious and expensive, the results are uncertain, and often the arbitrators, thinking it their duty to be advocates, do not conform to the standard of impartiality observed by judges. There are no signs that arbitration is superseding, or will ever supersede, the action of the ordinary courts of law. A few years ago, when complaints of the "law's delay" were loud and general, it was suggested that such a change might one day come about on a large scale. We heard much of the Chamber of Arbitration in London, which was to decide promptly and cheaply, and in the light of good sense, questions which the courts failed to deal with or decided tardily and at great cost. The scheme, which promised so much, accomplished little. The business of the courts was unaffected, and at present more commercial cases come before them than at any other time in this generation. This change is mainly due to the ability of Mr. Justice Mathew, who has rendered in the Commercial Court (which is virtually his creation) services of inestimable value. The failure of attempts to oust the courts from their ordinary work is also due to the necessary limitations of arbitration even in private disputes. For some classes of questions it is the best, and indeed the only satisfactory, mode of settlement. Wheth-

er goods are up to sample, whether they are of the quality bargained for, whether a mercantile usage has been complied with, whether conduct is that which business men expect from each other—as to such matters arbitrators are the best tribunal. They do not answer where grave matters are in dispute; where the questions are of law rather than fact; where the manner of procedure is as important as the accuracy of the decision; where guidance in future controversies is needed; and where the parties are too angry to agree to anything. Some of these limitations apply to public arbitration, and others are peculiar to it.

The weakness of all schemes of international arbitration is that perfection of machinery counts for so little, the existence of good faith and goodwill for so much. As Herr Von Bloch remarks, the experience of the past goes to show that a peaceful solution of the most complicated questions can be found, provided there is goodwill; without it diplomacy labors in vain. However carefully worded a treaty of arbitration may be, however wide its terms, a State that is disinclined to proceed to arbitration will find plausible grounds for refusing to submit to what is and must be a voluntary jurisdiction. Almost all treaties of arbitration exclude from the jurisdiction of the court or tribunal a large class of important disputes, and a statesman who desires to withdraw the case of his country from that tribunal will be singularly lacking in ingenuity if he fails to show to the satisfaction of himself and his countrymen, who are too often ready to be convinced by appeals to their prejudices, that it is excluded from the operation of the treaty. Even while the Conference was in session the world had an object-lesson as to the limitations of arbitration. The Alaska boundary question was at a deadlock because Canada

would not agree to go into arbitration on the terms proposed by the United States. The Conference at Bloemfontein between Sir Alfred Milner and President Kruger failed partly because Great Britain refused to enter into arbitration on any terms. The scheme which the Conference is understood to have agreed upon excepts many subjects from the jurisdiction of the permanent court. Each exception is an open door to those who wish to ignore the spirit of any treaty.

Arbitration is not a panacea for the evils which the Czar deplored; it is a remedy, limited and uncertain in its operations. Undoubtedly, of late there has been no disposition to forget those limitations and its defects as a preventive of quarrels. On the contrary, in the comments on the Czar's Rescript and the Conference there has been a disposition to dwell on them and to exaggerate them; to ignore the teaching of experience, and to forget how much arbitration has become part and parcel of the structure of modern society. When the Conference met there was no widespread knowledge of the good work which arbitration had already performed in international disputes, and no recognition that the Conference was a step forward in a long process of development. In six interesting volumes, enriched with maps, plans, and copies of all important documents, Professor Bassett Moore has compiled an elaborate history of the arbitrations in which the United States have been concerned. Every reader must be struck by the number and variety of the controversies settled without resorting to arms, the growing habit in modern time to refer to arbitration as a matter of course disputes which diplomacy used to allow to drag on interminably, and, not least, the readiness of nations to carry out awards adverse to them.

No sanction secures the enforcement

of awards between nations; no court says: "Obey them or be punished." Nations which have been worsted in an arbitration may refuse to submit to the award. But the instances in which this has been done are singularly few. Dr. Darby, the Secretary of the Peace Society, has compiled a long list of arbitrations between States from 1815 to 1897—a list beginning with the arbitration relating to certain islands in Passamaquoddy Bay in 1816 and ending with the disputes as to the frontiers of the Argentine Republic, Chili, and Bolivia in 1898. The list is imperfect;⁴ some statisticians have given very different figures, according as they include special arbitrations and commissions or mediations between Governments. But in the lists prepared by M. Bellaire, M. Donnat, and Dr. Darby the only clear case of a refusal to abide by an award is to be found in the dispute between this country and the United States in regard to the Northeast boundary. The Americans declined to accept the award of the King of Holland, and the dispute remained open until it was settled under the Ashburton treaty. Nations murmur against decisions which are not to their mind, but they abide by them. The truth is that generally with respect to a large class of disputes—such as uncertain boundary lines, or private claims by the subjects of one country against another—States do not assent to a submission unless they are prepared to obey an adverse award; and that while always averse to admitting liability, or openly making concessions, Governments are not unwilling to substitute for an interminable, irritating and fruitless correspondence a reference to some arbitrator, and thus relieve themselves of the responsibility of making an inconvenient decision.

⁴ See the note on these figures in Hall's "International Law," 2nd ed. p. 381n.

Such a question as that referred by Great Britain and Portugal to Signor Vigliani, as to the boundaries of their possessions and spheres of influence in Eastern and Central Africa—a question turning on the meaning of phrases used in the treaty by persons not conversant with the region described, and involving difficult technical questions of geography—could never properly be determined by diplomacy; it might be kept open for centuries. What other way than an inquiry before experts and jurists could be found out of the controversy as to the boundary line between Guiana and Venezuela, a controversy involving the study of some 6,000 pages of documents written in Dutch and Spanish? The dispute between this country and Portugal as to the sovereignty of the island of Bulama depended on obscure facts ranging over a period of four hundred years, and it had been the subject of diplomatic correspondence for nearly half a century. It was promptly and satisfactorily decided by President Grant. We do not agree with those who maintain that only questions admitting of a strictly juridical solution or turning on principles of law ought to be referred. Of a large number of international disputes dependent on complicated and technical geographical facts, a reference to arbitration is the only reasonable solution.

Justice is not done to the labors of the Conference, their significance is not understood, until we recognize that they continue a process of development which has long been going on, and that they are one of many steps taken of late towards extending, systematizing, and organizing arbitration in disputes between nations. At the beginning of this century, when difficulties arose as to which states were reluctant to go to war, they were referred to a hastily improvised tribunal. Few rules of procedure were laid down

or rules, if any, were badly drawn. Probably no statesman thought that a negotiation of a general treaty of arbitration between several States was practicable. By some of the earlier treaties containing arbitration clauses it was provided that the selection of an umpire, always a delicate matter, was to be determined by lot. The seventh article of the Jay Treaty, for example, provided for the appointment of two British and two American commissioners and for the appointment of a fifth arbitrator or umpire by lot. In the Reciprocity Treaty of 1854 was a similar provision. In some treaties concluded in the earlier part of this century the reference was to two commissioners, a friendly State or sovereign being called in to decide in the event of differences between them. For many years the practice was to refer to a sovereign. In the dispute between Brazil and England in 1862, as to the ill-treatment of English naval officers, the question was referred to the King of the Belgians; the dispute as to the sovereignty of the Caroline Islands was submitted by Germany and Spain to the Pope, who decided in favor of the latter. That method has proved inconvenient; there is generally a suspicion that the sovereign's award is prepared in the Foreign Office of his country and under the advice of permanent officials, who may or may not be capable, and who are rarely able to be absolutely impartial. Of late the tendency has been to nominate as arbitrators well-known jurists or judges of the supreme courts of the world. Thus the dispute as to the Costa Rica "Packet" was referred to M. de Martens, the well-known jurist. The determination of the dispute as to the Manica boundary was left to Signor Vigliani, formerly President of the Court of Cassation at Florence. According to the recent treaty for the settlement of outstanding differences

between the United States and Canada, the High Commission was composed of ten members, most of whom were specialists, five being designated by each country. According to the treaty for the settlement of the Behring Sea seal fisheries, seven arbitrators were nominated—two by the British Government, two by the United States, and one each by the King of Italy, the King of Sweden and Norway, and the President of the French Republic. "The seven arbitrators to be so named shall be jurists of distinguished reputation in their respective countries, and the selecting powers shall be requested to choose, if possible, jurists who are acquainted with the English language." According to the Venezuela Treaty the reference is to five "jurists." In short, the day of the amateur is over; the tendency is to employ specialists—one among many points in which international arbitrations are approximating to the procedure of ordinary courts of law.

We may note another stage of development. The early treaties rarely made provision as to the procedure to be followed by the arbitrators or the principles which were to guide them in deciding. All was left to their discretion. The Treaty of Washington of 1871 was the beginning of a new practice. In that treaty were inserted elaborate and minute rules as to procedure—rules borrowed in the main from the English system of pleading—and in deciding the arbitrators were instructed to apply the famous "three rules." That treaty also marked an important step in the approximation of the proceedings in public arbitrations to those in courts of law; a tendency which is certain to continue.

In the last ten years a further development has taken place. Until lately

* The General Act of the Brussels Convention as to the Slave Trade provides that the arbitrators are to be as far as possible chosen from

the conception of a treaty between two countries providing for the settlement of all sorts of differences, or even certain classes of differences, by arbitration was familiar only to a few theorists. In recent years we have seen treaties of arbitration between two or more nations by which they bind themselves to submit all questions in difference, with certain exceptions, to arbitration. Switzerland and the United States entered into negotiations in 1883 for a treaty of arbitration with a view to the determination of all disputes. In 1898 Italy and the Argentine Republic concluded a treaty by which they consented to submit to arbitration all disputes, whatever their nature, no restriction being made even as to territorial claims or questions affecting the honor of the country.

The Conference has made a further advance along the same route. The advocates of international arbitration have always said, "Nothing of much value can be done until an international court is established." But the difficulties in the way of creating such a court, even in a rudimentary form, long seemed insuperable. Even an enthusiast for arbitration, such as Professor Corsi, lately rebuked the "impatience" of his friends, who desired such a tribunal: "Il est plus aisé> de croire qu'on arrivera \grave{a} notre idé>ale par une s  rie toujours plus large et uniforme de conventions bilat  rales entre deux Etats." The International American Conference at Washington in 1890, the Inter-Parliamentary Conference at Brussels in 1895, and the Association of International Law at Antwerp in 1895, suggested the formation of such a court. But Sir Julian Pauncefote and the American representatives at the Conference were the first practical statesmen to put for-

the diplomatic, consular, or judicial officers of the signatory Powers.

ward such a scheme. England and the United States have had far more experience of arbitration than any other countries, and the measure of success achieved by the Conference in this field is due largely to them.* From Germany little assistance has been got. She has more than once blocked the way. This is natural. One of the representatives whom she sent to the Conference was Freiherr von Stengel, a member of the legal faculty of the University of Munich, who had written a pamphlet entitled, "Der Ewige Friede," full of glorification of war as a school of virtue and culture, the touchstone of the worth of states and nations, and full of sneers at the composers of fantastic schemes for promoting peace. Even when not hostile to the aims of the Conference, Germany has been throughout inscrutable, unsympathetic, and without helpful initiative. It no doubt struck her military advisers that the proposed schemes of mediation and arbitration might fetter her action when war was imminent. In modern warfare rapidity of mobilization—the great virtue of the German military system—is everything. Nations no longer wait for a declaration of war before striking a blow; the formalities and delays prescribed by the old *lex feccialis* before hostilities begin are obsolete; it is a word and a blow; and the blow sometimes comes first. With such a system, the principle, "Always arbitrate before fighting," is entirely out of harmony.

And yet it looks as if an internation-

* Sir Julian Pauncefote's original proposal was:—"A central office will be established permanently at X., where the archives of the tribunal will be preserved, and which will be entrusted with the conduct of its official business. The office will be the intermediary for communications relative to the meeting of the tribunal at the instance of the parties to the litigation.

"Each signatory power will transmit to the others the names of two persons of its national-

al court of some sort—which Lord Salisbury in 1887 declared there was no hope of seeing formed—will be established at no distant date; it is probable that, if not a permanent tribunal, a permanent bureau will be constituted with a roster of names from which a tribunal may be formed. But it can only be a court with very small powers. A true court acts of its own motion and without consent; it cites parties, and punishes them if they do not attend; it acquits or condemns; and it enforces its sentences against the guilty. A court thus defined—a court in which the representatives of States A, B, C, D shall decide disputes between E and F, whether they object or not, and obedience to whose decrees shall be secured by the united force of the majority—was contemplated in the schemes of European peace devised by Henry IV. and the Abbé de St. Pierre. The Council-General which the former desired to see established would have possessed a powerful army at its command, and would have been able to treat as "a common enemy" a prince who disobeyed its decrees. According to the scheme which the Abbé de St. Pierre conceived, the Society or Union of Princes of Christendom were to form a Senate, sitting in the City of Peace; its decrees were to be enforced, and "Nul souverain ne prendra les armes et ne fera aucune hostilité que contre celuy qui a esté déclaré ennemi de la société Européenne."

It was a feature of William Penn's scheme of a European Diet which should settle differences and make war

ity, recognized in their country as jurists or publicists of merit, enjoying the highest reputation for integrity, disposed to accept the functions of arbitrators, and possessing all the necessary qualities. . . . The signatory powers . . . will select from this list the number of arbitrators agreed upon in the arrangement. They will have, moreover, the power of adding arbitrators other than those whose names are inscribed on the list. The arbitrators thus chosen will form the tribunal," etc.

impossible that a dissenting state should be compelled to submit. The late Sir Joseph Seeley shadowed forth a plan of a European Bund which was to do for Europe what the Federal Union had done for the States of America. He, too, thought that such a Bund must be able to levy troops and to enforce its decrees. All such schemes are as chimerical as they were in the days of the Abbé de St. Pierre. The proposals submitted to the Conference related to a court which existed and acted only by consent, and which could not enforce its decrees; a court of honor, and no more; not infringing on the sovereignty of the States which agree to a permanent tribunal. We are as far as ever from an Amphictyonic Council or a senate of Europe such as the Abbé de St. Pierre conceived. The utmost to be looked for is a court before which no one need appear and by whose decision no one need be bound.

How is such a court to be formed? According to several schemes its members should be drawn from the ranks of the judges of the supreme courts of the various states, who, it is supposed, will be least amenable to political influences, and will presumably possess the requisite influence, prestige, learning and authority. Any strict rule as to this would prove inconvenient. In Lord Herschell the nation had a valuable public servant admirably suited for the discharge of such duties and possessed of the requisite leisure. On his death the Government naturally turned to Lord Russell as his successor. But it would be a serious inconvenience if he, together with Lord Justice Collins, were withdrawn from their ordinary duties for several months. Were a permanent court of any kind established, and were many cases brought before it, the attendance of distinguished members of the supreme court would be out of the question.

Besides, be it said with all respect to the English bench, it rarely includes several men of the stamp and training united which are needed in international arbitration. Our judges possess learning of a kind which French or German lawyers are unable to appreciate. Trained scientifically, well grounded in Roman law, the foreign jurist is accustomed to approach legal questions from a totally different point of view from that which is natural to English lawyers. He does not understand, far less admire, their empirical way of treating legal problems. He refuses to bow the knee to Smith's "Leading Cases." And in judging of the expediency of such a rule one must think of other supreme courts than our own. Some eminent persons who do not happen to be members of any court would command as much respect as if they were. For example, M. de Martens, the well-known professor of international law at St. Petersburg, who has had large experience as an arbitrator, would have more weight with the Western world than any members of the Russian judicature. In truth, a class of persons suited for acting either as judges or advocates in such a court has yet to be educated. That is pre-eminently true of this country. The civilians who had experience in international affairs—Gentilis, Zouch, Sir Leoline Jenkins, Sir John Nicholl, Lord Stowell, Phillimore, Twiss, and Dodson—have left no successors. The remark is true also of other countries. Often the arbitrators chosen by them have been, as England knows to her cost, unworthy of their high calling. Lord Selborne's "Memorials" gave a vivid picture of the kind of persons into whose hands fell ultimately the decision of the delicate questions which had divided England and the United States, and had brought them to the verge of war—judges whose opinion would have been unsatisfactory if a.

tailor's bill were in dispute.⁷ Not merely are the ability, learning and experience requisite for the discharge of these duties rare—the judicial spirit and training which forbid and shun the approach of illicit influences in all their subtle forms are rarer still. Recognizing this peril, the majority of modern treaties stipulate that arbitrators shall sit in the capital of some neutral state.⁸ This is not, however, enough to secure the requisite atmosphere of tranquillity. The Behring Sea arbitration is justly cited as an example of the success of this mode of settling disputes. It came near being a failure. When its secret history is told it will appear that Lord Hannen was more than once somewhat shocked at proceedings which a little offended his conception of the position of a judge. No matter what is the place of meeting, arbitrators are exposed unconsciously to subtle extra-judicial influences; and not in one year or many will the spirit which condemns any deviation from the strictest standard of judicial integrity be universal. We suspect that an English court would set aside an award given by persons who had acted with the indiscretion which some arbitrators in public disputes have permitted themselves.

What form of law will this tribunal apply? Is it to be free to act as it thinks fit, or must it be guided by international law? Most of those who have studied the subject have been of opinion that no tribunal can be entirely satisfactory until the basis of a true international law is laid. For the commands of that law as it now exists there are no sanctions. It has other

⁷ "Of the three arbitrators, Count Sclopis had in his own country some reputation as a jurist. If the other two had studied law, it was (I suspect) but slightly, and perhaps only for the purpose of their satisfaction. Viscount Itajuba, the fairest man of the three, entered upon the arbitration as if there were no serious question except as to the amount which Great Britain ought to pay." (I. 253-54.)

defects. Large parts of it are obscure, and consist of little more than dicta and precedents drawn from different ages, and of uncertain value. There exists no true *jus gentium*, no great body of rules possessing even the moral authority which Roman law long enjoyed in Europe, no generally accepted doctrine of a law of nature to which all countries own that they must conform. In large parts of the subject little else is to be found than the shifting sands of usage and precedents of dubious authority. The attempts made by Bluntschli, Mr. Dudley Field, and others to reduce to the form of a code the principles of international law were premature. They presuppose an agreement which does not exist, and which is still a long way off. Nor with regard to some matters is discernible any sign of an approximation to agreement. To refer to one head of international law—the subject of intervention—what assistance would a statesman receive from the best writers as to the circumstances in which intervention by one Power in the domestic affairs of another is justified? What light could it throw on the right of the United States to interfere in the affairs of Cuba? The books furnish little more than a plentiful supply of contradictory precepts, on which statesmen draw according to the passions or the interests of the hour. And yet it is possible to exaggerate the diversity of opinions and usages in this field; it is somewhat common to do so. Pessimism is not here the fulness of wisdom. Notwithstanding the many differences in some parts of this field, signs are discern-

⁸ See Professor Corsi's remarks on the decisions of the Commissions constituted to decide claims by Italy, Great Britain, France, and other countries, presided over by Baron Lopez Netto, and sitting in Santiago, in Chili. *Etude sur un Nouveau Traité Général d'Arbitrage*, p. 15.

ible of the growth of a working system of jurisprudence between nations, and nothing will do more to develop and perfect it than an international court, however limited its functions at first may be. The *civitas gentium* which is to embrace all nations of the earth is a long way off, but some chapters of its law, dealing with minor matters, are already written. In regard to copyright, postal matters, telegraphs, the usages of war, have been formed "administrative unions" of various States, which contain the promise of still more important international organizations.*

On one point of detail there has been much discussion. Ought there to be a power of appealing from the decision of the tribunal, and, if so, to what other body? Here again there is a conflict of considerations: on one hand, the advantages of finality; on the other, the advantages of revision when a mistake has been committed. The Anglo-American Treaty provided for a re-hearing; so did the American scheme submitted to the Conference. The Italo-Argentine Treaty contemplated revision in two cases: "S'il a été jugé sur un document faux ou erroné; ou si l'arrêt a été en tout en partie l'effet d'une erreur de fait positive ou négative qui résulte des actes ou documents de la cause." We are inclined to think that the Conference has acted wisely in not complicating the scheme adopted with provisions for an appeal.

From first to last the procedure proposed is voluntary. The proposed permanent court will have no power without consent. Its decisions will have, in theory, no greater effect than the decisions of a club committee. But the work done is of value. At the outset of the Conference the tendency was to

speak sceptically of the results. Even the delegates themselves, when they met, seemed to think that their efforts must be futile or academic. Not until they had conferred together and found that business was meant did they take their duties very seriously. The longer they sat the wider grew the conviction that some of them did not intend to leave the Hague without achieving solid results. In many respects, notwithstanding the contrast between the magnitude of the program and the meagerness of the performance, it has been a memorable meeting. There has been a gathering of the nomads of philanthropy—men who move rapidly across Europe and collect wherever good works are being done; some of them vain, futile, obtrusive; some with their hearts full of ineffectual fire of enthusiasm; others as wise as they are good. In the air of the Hague was a little of the glow of earnestness which accompanies a religious congress rather than a meeting of sober, sceptical diplomatists. And some of the heat communicated itself to the representatives who were eager to do business, and to do it quickly. "They are going too fast," said one who had spent his life in laboring to advance peace, and who saw, as he thought, more done in a week than he expected to see accomplished in the rest of his days. As a well-informed observer remarked, "It is gratifying to see on the spot with what earnestness and hopefulness the delegates are attending to their duties as commissioners."

We entertain no delusions as to the immediate or ultimate effect of the resolutions adopted at the Hague. Much that was attempted is left undone; and even as to the resolutions which have been adopted, it is by no means certain that the countries will ratify the acts of their delegates when the fervor and hope produced by the

* Professor Kazansky gives, in an article in the "Revue de Droit International" (29, 238), nine instances of such permanent unions.

Czar's Rescript have passed off. And there are obstacles in the way of the Conference too great to be removed by resolutions. Councils of the Church have tried to arrest human thought at some point, and all to no purpose. Congresses and conferences have also proved powerless to stereotype the map of Europe or stifle impulses or movements in national life. From time to time nations, like individuals, will push to the uttermost their ambition, and stake their all on the dice of war. Some untoward incident will happen when passions are heated: a frontier brawl, orders misunderstood by a hot-headed subordinate, an accident to a cruiser in a foreign port. "Remember the 'Maine!'" or some other exciting cry will be raised, and even a strong government may bow to the tempest of popular passions and clamor for war. All modern changes do not make for peace. Sympathy for suffering is greater than it was. The horrors of war are better known than they were; and a spirit of "Jingoism" is rare among soldiers and seamen, who are best able to understand the terrible consequences of a war between European nations. Against this increase of sympathy, this sense of responsibility, must be set off things good and bad; the abiding contrast between the acts of heroism which war calls forth, and the monotony of civil life; the appearance of noble and attractive types of military character—General Gordon is a case in point—the love of sensation to which war ministers; the growth of a "yellow press," underbred, under-educated, and irresponsible, which caters for national vanity and the worst forms of patriotism. The roll of the drum is still the most popular music. Around a picture of a striking episode in war gathers the largest crowd. Commerce is not always an agency of peace. In old days men fought for territory; now, it has been said, they fight

for markets. And yet, slowly but surely the forces working for peace are strengthening and throwing out new shoots. Where conscription exists the impatience at the burden which it imposes is more marked than it was. We note in those countries the growth of a popular literature of which war against war is the motto. The success of Baroness von Suttner's "Die Waffen Nieder;" the vast literature relative to arbitration; the fascination exercised by Verestchagin's pictures of war as it is, stripped of pomp and circumstance, tinsel and dazzling accessories, are signs of the times. Preparations for war are redoubled; and yet there is a reluctance to make use of them such as there never was before. In the work which is said to have influenced the Czar in calling together the Conference, Herr von Bloch has composed a terrible indictment against the wisdom of Europe: prodigious ingenuity directed to the art of killing; interminable increase of armies and fleets, with no change in their relative strength; and waste of treasure without end and without result. He draws a picture, probably true, of the slaughter which must take place in future wars, a picture for which the motto might be General Häseler's saying that on the battlefield of the future there will be none to bury the dead. He predicts battles lasting three, four, or even fifteen days, between colossal armies; battles in which the number killed by modern weapons will be greater than ever before known, but which will generally be indecisive. He quotes alarming figures as to the armed forces of the chief nations of the world: the Triple Alliance with a force when on a war footing of 5,135,000 men; Russia and France with a counter-force of 5,354,000. He shows how costly is the present armed peace; the war budgets of five of the great States of Europe amounting in 1896 to more than 190

millions sterling. He describes the economic convulsions which must follow a great war; and he foresees a plentiful harvest of pestilence, distress and discontent.

In these circumstances and with this outlook, the idea of a Conference was not an artificial, grandiose notion, such as those in which Napoleon III. loved to indulge. It expressed the wishes of multitudes all over Europe, weary of the burdens of an armed peace; of statesmen looking anxiously to the end of this ruinous competition; and of philanthropists who see limitless possibilities of good if only a part of the wealth now given to armaments were spent on other objects. Some powerful personality, eloquent and enthusiastic, might, in countries where the

burden is most felt, gather the desire for peace into a resistless mass. A succession of statesmen impressed with the evils which have moved the Czar might do much to stop the policy of "beggar my neighbor." The fatalistic spirit in which they have hitherto regarded increase of armaments, as if they were determined by an irresistible force, may be a passing mood. In any case the Conference has helped to educate the nations as to the use of arbitration. England and America have been in this respect the teachers of the world. The object of the Czar's Rescript has not been attained; but it has been advanced, and measures hitherto discussed only by theorists have become part and parcel of practical politics.

Edinburgh Review.

LAMB AND KEATS.*

In offering to the fine library and literary institution in which we meet to-day the medallion portraits in bronze of Charles Lamb and of John Keats, the founder has still further enlarged his noble gift, and has added to the people of Edmonton a new claim on their grateful acknowledgements. This handsome foundation is but one of many scores of others which will long record to our descendants the name of Passmore Edwards.

These nurseries of thought and culture which will bear his name (as churches in Rome are so proudly and vainly inscribed—*ex munificentia Sexti, or Pauli*) are the munificent gifts to his fellow citizens of one who is himself a member of the literary order

and the founder of a new era in journalism. It is an example of public spirit which is far more common in the United States than in Europe. In England our magnates of high rank and vast possessions think that they can best gratify their fellow citizens by exhibiting their own magnificence, and can best advance the public taste by occasionally admitting them to view their galleries or their racehorses. The wealthy citizens of America are more wont to devote their abundance to the public, and have given a large part of the universities, libraries, museums, and observatories in the States. I remember writing for an American Review a little essay on "The Uses of Rich Men in the Commonwealth;" and I described the public gifts common at Athens and at Rome. The Athenians called them *Leiturgies*, and most of the

* An Address on the unveiling of the portraits of Lamb and Keats at the Passmore Edwards Free Library at Edmonton.

immortal dramas of Athens, and many of the exquisite remains of architecture that we see to-day, were the free gifts to their fellow citizens of rich and patriotic patrons, such as was Herodes Atticus in the time of the empire. The example is too rare in England—almost unknown in London—where men of wealth are often willing to subscribe to a hospital or an institution, but where we seldom find any man willing to devote a large fortune to some truly munificent institution. Let us hope that in course of time the south of England and its capital may receive such benefactions as are common in America, and not unknown in our northern counties, and that London, too, may count its Passmore Edwardses to follow the example of the Herodes Attici of old.

We are about to unveil the bronze images of Lamb and Keats, whose memory is kept green in this place. Charles Lamb passed the close of his life and died in a cottage hard by this spot—a cottage happily still untouched in its primitive simplicity. He is buried in the parish churchyard within a few minutes' walk, and a gravestone over his coffin and a marble monument in the church record his life in the parish. John Keats, born in London, and living his short life in the northern suburbs, passed some time in a house still standing unaltered within a few yards of the cottage of Lamb, and then went to live at Hampstead, within a short walk of this spot. He is buried in the Protestant cemetery at Rome, beneath the shadow of her ancient walls, where lies the heart of Shelley—*cor cordium*.

Both Lamb and Keats toiled and dreamed, knew intense joy and acute sorrow, in the early years of this nineteenth century, in the reign of George III. Three and even four generations have come and gone since their time. Keats died at twenty-five, before the

birth of most of us here to-day. Charles Lamb died at fifty-nine, within my own lifetime, and is still remembered by old men yet alive. Nearly a century has passed since the early work of Lamb, and some eighty years since that of Keats. Yet to-day the fame of both stands higher than it stood in their lifetime or at any time since their deaths. It will be for the twentieth century to judge, at the centenaries of their death in 1934 and 1921 respectively, what will be their ultimate rank in English prose and poetry. It is too soon perhaps for us to dogmatize with confidence. For in general it is a good rule to observe that when a hundred years have come and gone since a writer inscribed *Finis* in the book of his earthly life, the time has come when he can be judged fairly and finally in the roll of English letters—all his own friends and his own enemies removed, the novelty of his own gifts faded away, the fashions and prejudices of the day long changed, and a strong presumption established that, if he be still lively in the memory of a fourth and a fifth generation after his own, it must be due to some real originality and power. We will not attempt to anticipate the verdict of posterity, and to-day let us avoid all hyperboles and eulogiums. Two men of genius have been associated with the traditions of this district. Living men have known them here. And we testify to-day that those who dwell here and who love letters have not forgotten them nor the thought they left to the ages to come.

Both Lamb and Keats will be remembered (amidst all the differences which separate the humorist from the morbid poet), each for his peculiar, fascinating gift—Lamb for an inimitable genius of light and airy criticism, Keats for an inexhaustible spring of melodious and perfumed song. There is no second Lamb in prose; no second

Keats in verse. Each has a hallmark of his own on every product of his mint: unmistakable, incomparable, native; which no man can imitate, none can parody, no man can pirate, yet which could no more be repeated in English literature than we could turn out a new "Vicar of Wakefield" or a second "Lycidas."

I am not comparing Lamb to Oliver Goldsmith nor Keats to Milton. I say no more than this, that Elia has his own rare charm just as dear old "Goldie" had his special charm; that Keats has an inimitable lyric spell, as inimitable in its own way as was ever that of Milton himself. Let us avoid all trace of exaggeration in our praise. The true genius needs no such excess, gains nothing by it, and would scorn to receive it. It is too much the fashion when a memorial is set up, or a biography is issued, to use about the object of this honor the tone of extravagant eulogy, as if our history or our literature contained no other name so great. Those whose task it is to "inaugurate" (as the newspapers affect to call it) a monument to a dead worthy too often speak as if it were their bounden duty "to lie like a tombstone." This is not true reverence. It dishonors our dead worthy. We will not lie like a tombstone, nor even like a funeral sermon, which is hardly more veracious. Let us utter absolutely nothing but words of truth and soberness.

Neither Lamb nor Keats can claim a place in the very foremost ranks of our writers or poets. It would be untrue and unreal to pretend that they do. They have unique gifts: Lamb, as a delightful humorist, the very Ariel of critics, with a wonderful instinct for the older drama; Keats, as having an unrivalled gift of sensuous lyric. We do not assert that Lamb is one of the master-spirits of English thought, one of the fountain-heads of our liter-

ature. Nor is Keats, indeed, among the inmost circle of the blessed poets whose thrones are grouped round Shakespeare. Yet these two hold their own. There is no second Lamb; there is no other Keats.

In these days of so much hysterical enthusiasm in things of taste, of so much combative paradox, it may be as well to make it plainer in what sense I hesitate to claim for either the first rank. The first rank in prose, as in verse, is reserved for those who have embalmed great and virile thoughts in perfect form, who have avastrange of ideas, and have pierced to the roots of varied phases of nature and of life, who have given to after ages whole masses of immortal work, and who fire the heart and the brain of many millions, past, present, and to come. That is to say the supreme seats are for work, wherein the thought is superior, or at least equal, to the form, wherein the thought is profound, large, various; where there is mass and volume of splendid achievement, power over vast numbers, all ages, races and sympathies. This is eminently true of the Shakespeares, Dantes, Homers, and is more or less true of such men as Bacon, Milton, Chaucer, Fielding, Goethe, and Scott. In all of them we find profound insight, mighty imagination, vast range of experience and sympathy, mass of work, world-wide, universal glory and influence.

It would be ridiculous to claim anything of the kind for Keats or for Lamb. The vein of each is a simple streak of fine ore, of narrow limit and without pretension to inspire generations of men. Mass of work, variety of gift, profundity, wide knowledge of man and the world belong not to either. We could no more compare Keats with Shakespeare than we could compare Mont Blanc with one of its own snowy pinnacles, and we can no more go to Lamb for what we get from Ba-

con than we could expect to find the contents of a good library in a single volume. Now if Lamb and Keats are worthy of the foremost rank, what rank do we reserve for Bacon and for Shakespeare? And mass of work, brain power, influence over ages and races belong to Spenser, to Chaucer, to Wordsworth, to Burns; yea, to Byron and Shelley amongst poets, as they do to Swift, Johnson, Goldsmith, Scott, Thackeray and Macaulay, in prose. And brain power, range of work, influence over mankind, outweigh wit, fancy, and the mirth of the most airy and curious sympathy, as they certainly outweigh the most melodious poetry where conception is lost and overpowered in music and passionate rapture.

These are the grounds on which it would be criminal to indulge shallow enthusiasms, and mischievous to exalt enchanting qualities of mere form over abiding contributions to the great literature of all time. We are perilously near to that decadence down to the "silver age," which seems to be the senility of all great epochs of literature, when delight in form supersedes the substance of prose or verse, when fashion dogmatizes about style; when the fascination found in the way in which a thought is said, blinds some weak votaries to the thing that is said and even to the meaning of what is said. Tennyson's exquisite graces have made us all so sensitive to "precious" phrases, and Stevenson's subtle enamels in prose have given such vogue to artful modulations, that we are all apt to talk as if some lovely lines on a rosebud, or an ode on "the first swallow," could place their author on a level with Shakespeare's "Sonnets" and Milton's "Lyrics," though no one imagines that their writer could have conceived a "Hamlet" or a "Paradise Lost." Or, again, we talk as if some pellucid sense about an old play or a

new poem could place the essayist in the rank of Bacon or Hume.

A truce to all such hectic extravagances when we dwell on the delightful things left us by these two men, so diverse in nature and yet so much akin in suffering and broken hopes. Needless to-day to rehearse the pangs and tragedies in the life of either, to speak of the low estate, scanty education, drudgery, and ill-health of Lamb, with the horrible catastrophe and life-long burden imposed on him by his sister's malady. Nor need we speak of Keats's life of struggle and sickness, his intense sensitiveness, his mad and hopeless passion, the agonies of his dying hours, and the fatality of death in early youth.

Still less need we pretend to weigh, to appraise, to criticise either of these men, or seek to forecast the place they will hold in the final roll of English literature. It is amply enough for us to-day that, perhaps all through this century, their work, so different, so rare, has been steadily gaining in the esteem of all good judges, so that we may say that we have reached a right estimate of both. No one compares them to each other, or dreams of offering any relative judgment about the two. It is enough to say—and this sums up the case—each had a rare, unique, fascinating gift of his own.

As humorist Charles Lamb stands in the foremost rank, less poetic, less idyllic than Goldsmith, less sardonic than Swift, less graceful than Addison and Steele, less robust than Fielding, less many-sided than Thackeray, less creative than Dickens, but withal a man having a spark of the Falstaffian humor, that humor of the "Canterbury Tales" and the "Antiquary," the grand Homeric humor of the great imaginative masters of the Human Comedy. Not that I compare Lamb's sweet and simple Pan-pipe to these immortal conceptions. But he is of their kith and

kin; he can use their mother tongue; he is free of their guild.

And how buoyant is his style! How artless, and yet what art, could we only get to see it! How pure, how natural, how jovial, is the English of Elia! Let him who would study plain, easy prose read Lamb's "Essays" or "Letters." You cannot copy or imitate them. They are inimitable, and yet so plain that a child can follow them. They well up straight from a gay, sympathetic, loving heart, as if the brain hardly aided in the act of expression. The quaint little parlor of Bay Cottage rings with his laughter! How kindly, how garrulous, how bright!—and yet written amid such cruel griefs, toils, anxieties, and disappointments.

John Keats presents a remarkable problem. His was far the shortest life in the whole roll of English literature (if we except the boy Chatterton, who was hardly a poet at all). Keats was but twenty-five years and four months old at his death. Now Shelley was thirty, and Byron was thirty-six, and they are the youngest of our poets. And neither Shelley nor Byron had written such poetry as Keats before he was twenty-four. It would be difficult in all modern literature to name any one who had produced such exquisite work at so early an age. Keats' whole work was composed at an age earlier than that at which Milton wrote "Lycidas," or Shakespeare wrote "Venus and Adonis." In our thoughts about Keats, let us remember that he was "a wonderful lad"—an unformed, untrained, neuropathic youth of genius—whose whole achievement came earlier in life than that of almost any other man recorded in our literature—indeed, in any literature. I am inclined to think that, in the whole series of men eminent in various ways in recorded history (unless we go to painters like Giotto and Raffaelle, or to musicians

like Pergolese, Mozart, and Bellini), no man has left such considerable work accomplished under the age of twenty-five as did Keats—"the wonderful lad."

It is right to bear in mind that all we have of Keats were the first experiments of a genius who by the civil law was not yet *sui juris*, whose short life was a chronic fever, and whose aspirations and ideals were in constant flux. But we cannot assume, because in his first flight he left a few hundred of exquisite verses, that at fifty he would have been the peer of Shakespeare and Milton. Let us also remember that injudicious editors and admirers have preserved not only those horrible love-letters of his last agony—"those wild and wandering cries"—"those confusions of a stricken youth" (we may say)—but also much of the raw and tawdry stuff which Keats, like all men of genius, poured out in his first efforts to soar. Of all poets, perhaps (unless it be Byron who had a mania for scribbling), Keats is the most unequal. Considering his extreme youth, and his shabby training, this was natural enough. Keats can give us perfect gems like the "Ode to the Nightingale," the "Ode to the Grecian Urn," some of the "Sonnets," much of the "Lamia," and most of the "Pot of Basil" (not a thousand lines in all), and then some gross failures in various experiments which ought not to be printed at all.

Almost all poets but Milton have left behind them much that is immeasurably below their best, and something very poor indeed. Shakespeare himself has done so, and Dryden, Pope, Byron and Wordsworth are conspicuous examples of the same bathos. What wonder if Keats at twenty-two did this also? Even on an occasion when we meet to do honor to a delightful poet, I will not fall in with the hysterics of some eminent critics and tell

you that Keats stands beside Shakespeare in the foremost ranks of our poets. We have far too much of this neuropathic mouthing in our day, which seems the age of the hyperboles of cliques and fanatics and of exaggerated delight in some special beauty of phrase or note. It is enough for me that we find in Keats some odes of exquisite passion and charm, a delight in glow and color that touches us like a canvas by Giorgione, a few short lyrics which stand in the everlasting lyrical triumphs of our tongue, a promise of command over the melody of verse, a power of painting in winged words which (if he had lived another twenty or thirty years) might have placed him well in the rank of poets somewhere below Milton and Shakespeare. *Might have done* this, if only promise were always followed by performance; if we could be sure that the nature of Keats as a man, his brain, and hold on truths and realities, equalled his mastery over language; if we did not too often feel (even in his best and latest work) that the instrument wherefrom he wrung forth such luscious music seemed endowed with magic gifts to dash itself free from the hands and consciousness of him who held it.

And now, before I pull the veils aside and show you Mr. Frampton's beautiful work, I will end with a moral (for I am one of those incorrigible people who are never easy till they get down to the moral of the thing), and there is a memorable lesson taught us by the lives of these two men. Here was Lamb, a man born in the class of office servants in the Temple, educated in the Blue-coat school, where he never reached the upper class, chained as a subordinate clerk in a public office, never much above indigence, afflicted with a terrible domestic calamity, and yet to-day recognized as one of the most exquisite writers of the age, and still one of

the most accomplished critics of the older drama.

Again, here is Keats, the son of a livery stable-keeper, apprenticed at fifteen to a Scotch surgeon, drudging at surgery till the age of twenty, struck down soon after with a mortal malady, poor all his life, unsettled, self-taught, wholly dependent on himself for guidance which he sorely needed, and yet recognized as having, at the age of twenty-five, written sonnets which would not disgrace Milton, lyrics that Shelley might have owned, and letters that Byron could hardly surpass. Keats knew no Greek, and yet his "Ode on a Grecian Urn," his "Lamia," are redolent of the essence of Greek myths. Milton himself was hardly more truly Greek in his imagination.

Here are two of our brightest men of genius, one a writer of exquisite prose, the other a poet endowed with the luscious note of a nightingale. Yet both were wholly bereft of any education of the official and academic sort. They gave themselves the whole of the education they had with scant leisure, meager resources, cruel hindrances. How few indeed of our famous writers in prose or verse, even our men of learning or of science, owe their success to the conventional school and college curriculum! Not Shakespeare, certainly, nor Marlowe, nor Pope, nor Shelley, nor Byron, nor Burns, nor Scott. All of these made themselves, formed their own minds, their own ideals and form. And so, too, did Swift and Defoe, Goldsmith and Gibbon, Mill and Grote, Spencer and Darwin. Milton, Gray and Johnson are the few examples of those who received complete academic training, and even they gave themselves the best part of their own education.

You, too, may give yourselves your own education. Nay, you must do so! It is as true almost for those of us who

are not endowed with genius, as it is for those who are, that education can only give us the means of training our own minds. You who have free use of such libraries as this, who can find evening schools, literary and scientific institutes within a few miles of your home, have far more means of training the mind than ever had Lamb or Keats. Lamb had to beg, borrow, screw and scheme to get sight of a "Fletcher" or a "Ben Johnson" or a "Marlowe." Keats quite worried a friend to lend him a "Faery Queen." If such men could have had the run of such a storehouse of standard literature as is contained on the shelves around us, with what rapture would they have fallen on the feast; how they would have celebrated in prose and verse the munificent founders of these public libraries.

Why is it, I often ask myself, that our English people, which for ages has bred such imaginative genius, which has a literature which nothing in the modern world can rival, are the least reading people of all the nations of Europe north of the Alps and west of the Carpathians? Why are we so far behind our American kinsmen? Why, in the matters of free libraries and books, do we come behind Germans, Scandinavians, Hollanders, and Belgians, French, and certainly Ameri-

cans? Why cannot we make better use even of the munificent gifts of patriotic citizens? I know not: but it is so.

I sometimes fancy that the mechanical and bureaucratic methods of our official education, with our primary schools, and standards, and tests, our endless examinations (which means endless cramming), and all our engine-turned, compound-action machinery for forcing facts into young brains, as if we were forcing carbonic acid gas into spring water, may make useful clerks and accountants, but is benumbing to the sense of literature, fatal to art, fatal to poetry. It teaches millions, it is true, the art of correct correspondence, quick arithmetic, and some popular statistics of a remunerative sort. But it deadens originality of mind, vulgarizes form, dulls the desire for literature, and would cramp genius, if it ever could seize the chance.

Strive to lift this reproach from our English name, that we are indifferent even to our own immortal literature. Let us make more use of the libraries we have; think less about colleges, and examinations and degrees; dispute less about education. Let us think more of educating ourselves, as Lamb did, as Keats did; let us use the books we have—and take care always to use the best books.

Frederic Harrison.

The Contemporary Review.

"WHEN FIRST WE MET WE DID NOT GUESS."

When first we met we did not guess
 That Love would prove so hard a master;
 Of more than common friendliness
 When first we met we did not guess.
 Who could foretell this sore distress,
 This irretrievable disaster
 When first we met?—We did not guess
 That Love would prove so hard a master.

Robert Bridges.

THE OLD HOUSE: A ROMANCE.

TRANSLATED FOR THE LIVING AGE FROM THE ITALIAN OF "NEERA."

VIII.

The success of the picture at the exhibition was as great as it was unexpected. It was all in Flavio's favor that his was a new name in a long list of others more or less well known. He was entangled in the toils of no clique, and utterly disconcerted all those pre-conceived opinions and personal sympathies and antipathies which lie in wait for the public on the threshold of every exposition, ready to impose their own artful misrepresentations.

Flavio's was the luck of the unknown knight who arrives upon the field so opportunely that he bears off the prize before there has been time to recognize him. Envy and malice will soon be there, to spin their web about the victor and paralyze his arm, but for the moment he triumphs.

All through that spring, in the fresh verdure of April, the odors of May, the early heats of June, Flavio revelled alike in the loveliness of nature and in his own sudden celebrity. Most of all did the two-fold intoxication mount to his brain, during sweet evenings passed upon the terrace when the far-away memories of infancy were like a dark background to the smiling landscape of the present; and the faint echo of his childish weeping and his juvenile unrest enhanced his triumphant consciousness of ascent and victory with the glow of happiness and success. Beauty had come even to his person, the delicate beauty of glass which catches the sunlight and is wreathed in rainbows; a fragile and ideal type of beauty which changed from hour to hour, as it reflected each passing emotion.

For four months Milan had been mad about the young painter whom nobody knew, and now the end of July was approaching, and the day when the prizes were to be awarded. Flavio awaited it quietly, unperturbed either by hope or fear. He had his reward already in the interest testified by that portion of the public which alone is capable of those deeper emotions that it is the artists' dream to excite.

"And still," said Elvira, on the eve of the great day, "it would be a very good thing to get the prize."

"Why?" asked Flavio rather absent-ly.

"Oh, because the judgment of the public is, after all, an ignorant judgment: while the verdict of an intelligent and competent committee—"

"I'm not so sure," was the dreamy response of Flavio, who lay stretched at full length on a *chaise longue* in the shadow of the wisteria.

"How can you say so? The public is only a lot of insignificant people who have never had either the will or the means to study; quite ignorant of the principles of art—merchants absorbed in business; shop-keepers who know nothing beyond the signs over their doors; women who know nothing at all."

"Or, worse yet," continued Flavio, "men who fancy themselves artists for no better reason than that they were able to draw ivy-leaves and wooden eggs at school; ladies who look at a picture as they look at a barber's block, who may be able to speak four languages, but who think in none; snobs, without a particle of taste or sensibility of their own, who will go with the majority in any case. And

then there are the artists who have failed, who had by nature the gift of feeling, but not that of expression, devoured, like Tantalus, by a great thirst for the beautiful, but unable even to touch their parched lips to the stream, chained to the earth, and yet tormented by aspirations which prove a prolific source of the bitterest jealousy—”

“Well, then—”

These two brief words which Elvira uttered with the emphasis of complete conviction fell upon the silence of the darkening terrace, indefinitely softened by the thick tangle of leaf and blossom that clothed the perfumed wall. They fell, and the sound of them died away amid the wisteria-sprays and the tufts of house-leek, while Elvira stood waiting for Flavio to speak, and ready with her own reply. Suddenly the youth leaped to his feet and exclaimed:

“It is the chief joy of the whole thing! Precisely because the public is a brute monster, ugly with all manner of ugliness, because it is dull, malicious, brainless and heartless, cruel and crafty, insinuating and ungrateful; because it is the crowd—that tyrannous combination of all that we most despise; for this very reason it is joy unspeakable to overthrow it, and beat it, to shed for once at least a few drops of its impure blood! For it is the declared foe of all that is truly great, noble or beautiful, and the artist must approach it as the tamer approaches the wild beast—to slay or to subdue!”

Flavio was transfigured. His eyes fairly lightened in the gloom of the terrace, his frame seemed to give forth electric sparks. All his manhood was ablaze and radiating heat kindled at the fire of his overmastering idea.

“Oh, but this is fine!” murmured Elvira, carried away by the passion

of the youth, and yielding unconsciously to the two-fold mystery of genius and of sex; “only the strong can master the crowd, and you are strong.”

As though speech were not enough, she glided close to his side, babbling idle and foolish words which sounded sublime, in the obscurity of the summer night, to the man of twenty and the girl of seventeen.

Meanwhile another heart was swelling painfully. Anna had approached the steps of the terrace during Flavio's violent apostrophe, and stood still where her form was hidden by the shrubbery. Not an inflection of Elvira's reply escaped her. As often happens with music which is better heard at a slight distance, she could appreciate every false note, the straining of the tone, the scraping of the instrument, incapable of quite compassing the sounds which the virtuoso desires to produce. And at the same time she knew that she, the on-looker, was the only one who really understood that there was a surging mist between these two which filled her own soul with alarm.

On the morrow, the day of the award, the two sisters dressed for the morning reception at the picture-gallery, which absorbed the thoughts of both in almost equal agitation, but they did not exchange a word. The gulf between them seemed to have deepened and both were conscious of some obscure peril on which they dared not even look. Only at breakfast, Elvira remarked abruptly:

“He really ought to have the prize. It is the finest thing in the exhibition—his picture. There is a sentiment about it, a warmth, a depth.”

Anna marvelled how her sister could pronounce these words, which answered to no inward conviction. She felt outraged, robbed of what was properly her own. It seemed to her

as though the use of words which the speaker does not understand ought to be prohibited by law.

"There could not be," pursued Elvira, "a more perfect expression of Flavio's fine intelligence."

"And what do you know of his intelligence?" Anna longed to say, but she restrained herself by an effort that brought the blood hotly to her cheeks. She had succeeded by patient self-discipline in subduing her antipathy to this intruder among the Lamberti; but Elvira's new attitude seemed to revive the hostility in her blood, and to bring with it the subtle leaven of a new bitterness, different in kind but quite as deep, which she almost dreaded to analyze.

For now when Flavio, in the sincerity of his great affection, came to lay his heart at Anna's feet, he found it impossible to separate her in thought from the sister, who blossomed beside her,—a wayward child no longer,—and who seemed to receive from the spirituality of the elder precisely the reflected light needful to illuminate her own cold beauty. By degrees the two daughters of Gentile Lamberti became confounded in the mind of the young artist. He thought of them as of two blossoms upon one stem, and could hardly have told which flower was the more fragrant. Anna was conscious of it all; and to her, so proud of her birth, so devoted to her father's memory, so tenaciously attached to the traditions of her race, so intolerant of a lie, and so disdainful of all vulgar souls,—to her already mortally offended by the blot which she knew but had no power to remove, this protracted deceit, which seemed likely to mislead even Flavio, was an outrage on all her ideals and stirred up a storm of indignation within her breast. Had theft and falsehood struck root in the old house?

"Flavio's family," Elvira rambled on, "was so very obscure! One cannot understand how he ever came out of it." But Anna interrupted her impetuously,—

"What do we know of these things?" she exclaimed. "What is family? A mere conventional expression! Heredity in affection is an imposture; and atavism?—the scientists may speculate about it, and amuse themselves by drawing up tables and diagrams, but who knows the truth? Who will penetrate that mystery of flesh and blood which we call man, and tell us how it is made? You may find the source of a stream by a formula, but not the secret of life! It is all a mass of darkness, delusion and lies!"

Confounded by Anna's very unusual excitement the younger girl stood silent for a moment, not knowing what to say. At last—"How strange you are!" she broke forth. "All this is so inconsistent with the faith you have always professed, with our family traditions and our father's teachings."

"Not another word!" cried Anna, in uncontrollable agitation, and impelled by a longing for fresh air she rose and went to the glass door leading to the terrace, where she rested her burning forehead against the panes.

Elvira meantime remained at table, set the water boiling for the coffee, and carefully deposited in their exact places two small gilt and white cups for her sister and herself. The cups, like most everything else in the house, were antique. Gentile Lamberti had seen them handled by his own mother's jewelled fingers, and they were seldom entrusted to the hands of servants. The fine gold of their rims was almost intact, for reverent lips had touched them as though they had been sacred relics; and Anna heard with speechless irritation the faint

tinkle of the fine porcelain under her sister's hands.

"Will you have some?" inquired Elvira.

Anna turned with a look of such unwanted sternness that Elvira, in her turn, experienced a strong feeling of resentment. Really, she thought, the fact that Anna was the elder gave her no right to be so very disagreeable. She felt for the first time how slight was the bond between them, and pushed Anna's coffee-cup toward her with marked indifference. Tears rushed into the eyes of the elder. She lifted the cup to her lips, then set it hastily down, and sought refuge in her own room.

When would this martyrdom end? Who would help her to maintain her own integrity? For not the least of her miseries in these days was the sense that she herself was deteriorating. Day by day, almost hour by hour, she could feel herself descending to a lower level. Must she confess herself conquered? her struggle vain? Were her lofty aspirations and her honorable pride destined to end thus ignominiously in fruitless bitterness? Had she been given keen sensibilities merely that she might hate and scorn herself the more? Was her deep capacity for love to issue only in hatred? The voice of a subtle egotism whispered within her that it is good to hate what is evil, but her conscience repelled the sophistry. She was shaken by her inward revolt, as the tree is shaken by the gale; but the tree held firm. It writhed, it groaned, but it was not dislodged. It was barely even bent.

Sitting silent and absorbed upon the edge of her bed, Anna took no note of the passage of time. This room of hers looked upon the deserted street; more than ever deserted in the July noon-tide, when the sun that beat upon the outer wall made its way even into

this retreat, hardly softened by the slats of the *persiani*. A shaft of yellow light, entering by a gap a little larger than the rest, cut the chamber in halves, but did not penetrate the dim alcove, upon whose walls were fancifully depicted certain tender scenes from the *Orlando Furioso*. It was for the sake of these frescoes that Anna had chosen her room. The mysterious forest, whose leafy boughs arose as high as the ceiling, seemed literally to surround the bed, its verdant darkness relieved only by the glimmering forms of Angelica and Medoro seated side by side. From the heroic poem, originally composed, it may be, in honor of a bride, the nameless artist had selected only gentle and pleasing subjects; pastoral scenes, undisturbed by shapes of terror or sounds of war, insomuch that an impression of sweetness and felicity, of luxuriant foliage and clear skies touched with rose-color pervaded the sparsely furnished chamber like a vision.

By degrees, the dreamy calm of her environment asserted its influence over Anna. The wood was like a safe asylum, and the luxury of her reverie seemed intensified by the noonday heat. Some one passed through the alley below singing these words:

The rose is the fairest flower,
And youth is the sweetest hour.
They blossom and fade, alack!
They pass and they come not back.

There was a pathetic and slightly tremulous note in the slender voice of the singer, which made the strain sound like a personal revelation. Either Anna did not know the old, old song, or she had forgotten it so long that it had quite lost, during those years of oblivion, the associations of vulgarity apt to attach to what has been appropriated by the public. It came to her now as something risen

from the dead; fresh and youthful, yet wearing the shroud, which is like no other garment, and which the living always regard with awe. Anna hastened to the window to look after the singer, but he was already out of sight. The song had gone back into its grave, and utter silence again prevailed. A little hunchback was crossing the street. "Anna," called Elvira, tapping lightly on the door. "Are you dressing?"

"Is it really time?" asked Anna, with a palpable effort to speak gently, as she opened the door.

The two sisters confronted each other, Elvira wearing a rose-colored gown with a pattern of scattered clover leaves, elbow-sleeved, and confined at the waist by a sash of rose-colored ribbon. "Am I all right?" asked the younger girl, for Anna did not immediately speak. She was thinking how marvellously a slight change of dress could embellish one who was not really very beautiful, but resolved, at all hazards, to efface the memory of her previous harshness. She put her arms round the slender waist, and gave Elvira a kiss. The latter perceived nothing amiss, and merely advising her sister to make haste lest she should be too late at the exhibition, she fluttered away down the long suite of rooms, lighting them up with her pink draperies as she passed.

A faint scent of heliotrope, an insipid perfume to which she had a special objection, lingered upon Anna's hands, and as she went to the washstand to remove it she heard the voice of Flavio in the corridor calling: "Where is she?"

"She is dressing," answered Elvira, and these two went together into the small saloon opposite Anna's room, whence the sound of their voices reached her distinctly.

"Will they come, do you think?"

"We shall soon see," answered El-

vira, with a trill in her voice like that of a happy lark.

Anna arrayed herself in the utmost haste. Hooks refused to fasten, and strings came off, as if in pure despite, and all the while that she contended against these petty material obstacles she was lending an anxious ear to the conversation of the two young people whose tones had now fallen very low, so that only a word or a syllable here and there was intelligible. The dialogue went on however and seemed very animated, with whispered words and soft laughter, and those quick sighs which cause a kind of gurgle in the voice like the sound of running water.

Once Anna stopped short in her dressing with her forehead bathed in sweat, and at the same moment the voices also ceased, and the silence was broken only by the loud beating of her own troubled heart. What did it mean? Were they gone? Could Flavio have gone? She turned a little giddy. Why were they so still? Then she fancied she heard a suppressed cough, but one of her brushes fell noisily to the floor at the same moment, and she could not be quite sure. Once she called "Elvira!" but there was no response. Could they have gone out upon the terrace? But why had Flavio come at all? They were to have met at the exhibition. Her sister had dressed very early, but she always did that. And still the silence continued. Ah! there was a sound at last, but it was not the voice of either of those two. It was that sad singer coming back through the deserted street.

They blossom, they fade, alack!
They pass but they come not back.

This time Anna did not go to the window. She looked about for her gloves; found them under her hand, and was ready at last. Just outside

the door she almost ran against Elvira.

"Where were you?"

"When?"

"Just now!"

"I was here."

"Were you alone?"

Elvira glanced at her sister with an expression of astonishment, and Anna blushed. "We would better go," said Elvira. "Flavio is gone already."

"But what was the matter?"

"Matter with whom?"

"Flavio."

"Nothing."

"Why did he come?"

"He wanted to make sure that we were going."

They crossed the spacious *antecamera*, descended the grand staircase, and under the portico they met the old lodger, who bowed as he came in. Then the porter stopped them for an

instant, and showed where one of the scroll-ornaments of the terrace needed repair. He also called their attention to a new arrangement of his vases, and breaking off two sprays from a shrub of dittany he presented one to each. As they went out Anna asked again:

"What did he say?"

"Who?"

"Flavio."

"Nothing."

"I thought I heard you talking together."

"No."

The sky had the opaque pallor which is a sign of excessive heat. The air was still, not a leaf quivered. The stone steps, white with dust and dazzling to the eye, seemed to scorch the feet of the two sisters as they went slowly away together.

Nuova Antologia.

(To be continued.)

THE HOTEL MUDIE.

A SELECTION.

We were sitting on the terrace of the Hotel Mudie at Unsinnshöhe looking down on the lovely scenery of the valley and watercourses of the Tauchnitzwald. It is one of those landscapes that one recognizes at once as having been seen beforehand in a dream. *En route* I had met an old Hodgeshire friend and neighbor, the Rev. Hornby Owle, and had persuaded him, not without effort, to accompany me to my journey's end. He maintained, with an almost uncivil insistence, that no such spot existed, and declared that if it did it was probably one of those detestable places where people go in quest of what they

call quiet. I assured him that Unsinnshöhe was not only beautiful, but full of the most amusing company, with whom one could be on terms of the easiest intercourse without being bored, intruded upon, or incurring any obligation to keep up their acquaintance. The difficulties were overcome, and now, on the terrace, he was in raptures with the view and asking many questions.

"What is that rather fantastic-looking house among the pine-trees?"

"That is the Merdithen Schloss, and is one of the great features of the place. It was bought years ago, and has since been enlarged, by a rather

eccentric but very brilliant Englishman. At first people were shy of him, and indeed his manner is puzzling and to some repellent. But when you get to know him, and it requires a little getting, he is delightful, and his talk abounds in good things. He is a great master of aphorisms, and, indeed, all his family, of whom I know a number, are great in that line. He generally has several relations staying with him. Curious people some of them—they are like beings in a social mythology. When I was last here he gave conversation parties, for which one could get tickets from Herr Mudie, who is his agent in certain matters. You dropped in of an afternoon or evening and heard them all talk."

"It sounds rather alarming," said Owle; "it would suit my sister better. She goes in for being intellectual, you know."

"Then she would be sure to profess admiration."

Just then a servant came up and handed me the local *Gazette*. I turned to the list of arrivals and saw that the *Schloss* announcements were conspicuous. "Ormont and Aminta," I explained to Owle, "have come, and Sir Willoughby Patterne, and Mrs. Mountstewart Jenkinson, and Mrs. Warwick—dear Mrs. Warwick! How they will talk!"

Owle, however, was still showing curiosity concerning the habitations of men. "Now," he said, "that other is a hideous house to build in such a beautiful spot. Is it a lunatic asylum?"

"Oh, no! That is the *Pension Beth*. The architecture is objectionable and the visitors are a flamboyant order of beings. They are mostly women who had, or think they have had, brutal husbands. So they discuss their own wrongs and investigate other people's irregularities from morning to night. Paying a visit there is like being in-

vited to inspect the laundry in its most unattractive aspect. Those remarkable twins Mrs. Salvage and Mrs. Wreckage give the social keynote of the place; otherwise it is run by the Baroness Ideal, who started a crusade on the wearisome sex question, but it all ended in a lecture on the ignominy of using hairpins."

"Then I was not so far out in my conjecture after all," rejoined Owle.

"They have their wits about them, but I always give them a wide berth. The *Villa Corellinana* is another house to be avoided. I see from the paper that Count Rimanez has just left along with Mr. Barabbas. The guests there are somewhat mixed."

. . . I was just about to explain further when the subject was brushed out of my mind by the appearance on the terrace of an elderly lady, evidently a governess, in a silk dress of a departed mode and with a coiffure that also had withstood the changes of fashion. She was preceded by a sharp, knowing-looking little girl, whose face was an odd mixture of perplexity and inquisitiveness. It was no other than my little friend, Maisie Farrange. I was going to say, "Well, Maisie, how do you do?" but somehow I said, "What do you know?" The child answered promptly, "No end of things. I know now why mamma's friends, the ladies, who came to see her, were all so tall and had such long legs, and why they held their umbrellas the wrong way up, and why their eyebrows looked like the black silk stitching on Sir Charles' gloves."

She looked quite radiant, as if a cloud had been taken off her curiosity. "I like this much better," she went on, "than London or Dieppe. It is not half so confusing. I felt so jumbled among them all."

"Maisie, darling," said the old lady, "I am sure this gentleman will excuse us. You know, we must make a be-

ginning this afternoon." And then she added sotto voce to me, "I wish to get her in before the Two Bad Chicks come up. I cannot allow any companionship there." Maisie was evidently amenable to the protectress, for she went off without lingering or reluctance.

"That," I said to Owle, "is the child who figured in the Farrange case. You remember how endless the litigation seemed and how complicated it actually was."

Owle nodded. He was looking at two other children who were coming towards us, and they were well worth looking at. They deserved to have been painted by Van Dyck, and they walked past us like beautiful figures in a pageant. Behind them came a young person, who was their governess certainly, but seemed to give little heed to her charges. She was reading in a note-book or journal, and, although apparently preoccupied, was not without an air of self-consciousness. When she saw us she came up to me and, with that total absence of preliminaries which is a feature of social intercourse at *Unsinnshöhe*, began at once. "Don't be surprised at my leaving the children to take care of themselves for a while. We communicate with each other by presentment. My engagement will not last much longer, and I am putting down some of my experiences. Will you allow me to read a passage or two? I wish, if I can, to catch the subtle magic of his style."

"Whose style?" I inquired. She smiled rather contemptuously and spoke as if rapping out her words. "Do not ask a direct question. I am nothing if I am not allusive. Well, if you will know, I mean the 'melancholy Jacques.'"

"Now I know perfectly," I said, "and am very pleased to listen."

"This," she said—not without a

touch of compassion for the dullness that needs note and comment—"this is my interview with the children's father." She read well and with a pleasant intonation.

"The situation might have been compromising and was, as a matter of fact, singular. He did not turn his back upon me, his scrupulous sense of courtesy forbidding that, but, as he set his broad shoulders against the mantelshelf, and spoke in the slow booming voice which some have thought soporific, I was conscious that his mental regard of me was, so to speak, the inverse of the direct concentration of his retina. I don't know why I felt this, nor why it seemed so natural. There was something about this man that struck one as—well the only adequate word for it is—reversible. What he said was not really matter for memoranda, and I followed as best I could his lithe and swift manipulation of addenda. We were on the subject of terms, and they were unquestionably lavish if not prodigal. I had a curious feeling as if a hand were going down the nape of my moral neck, and realizing that first-class tickets and hansom cabs were no longer contingent possibilities, but forthcoming, and, for that matter, dirt cheap actualties. When we shook hands he was about to speak again, but did not, and although this time his back was turned to me, as he receded from the doorway and I stepped on to the pavement, once more I was irresistibly convinced that he was not looking into the square hall, with its Adams' decorations, but across and down the street that stretched behind me."

She paused. "Your subtlety lies in the power of involution," I said, not feeling quite sure how to express the civil thing. "Of course you must have a great deal to say about the children. Am I wrong in supposing that they

were not quite . . . in fact, that you found them rather a handful?"

"The children," said the governess, "will require most delicate penciling. I hope, however, you will be assured of one thing. They were always charming at meals. They never struck each other with the dessert spoons, nor plunged their hands into the gravy, as most children do. It was pretty to see Miles come round with his plate for the second helping of lamb or whatever it might be. I am sorry that I am obliged to kill him in the narrative. As for little Flora, I shall simply send her away in a fly. That will give the touch of inconclusiveness which is so necessary." She turned over a few more pages, looking beamingly on the manuscript, and then read again:

"It was after reading the letter that I made up my mind to come to an understanding with the housekeeper—not directly, but by use of the long arm of circumlocution. I always liked the woman's verbal feints and the nimble dexterities which seemed so out of keeping with her physical amplitude. Some people talk at one, but she always talked under one, and I was quite prepared to engage in a game of hide and seek from which I should run breathless into the den. At last the opportunity came. I think I was mending the forefinger of a glove, or perhaps sewing on a button—anyhow it was the opportunity.

"Do you think," I asked, flouting her, as it were, with my skirt, 'that there was ever just a chance that there might have been . . . ?

"Do you mean then or now?" she answered.

"I felt that she had almost caught me, but I was off again behind a bush in a moment.

"Oh—at some time," I said. That we were on tip-toe was evident to us both; and the answer which I expect-

ed came quickly like the runaway's taunt. 'It will be time enough to talk about that to-morrow.' It was the triumph of the moment for her, but as the green baize door closed between us I felt that more intangible barriers could also open as well as shut."

Here she made another pause and then, closing her book, said, "Unless you read this as a whole I am afraid you will never catch the atmosphere of suggestiveness. But perhaps you would like to hear the descriptions of Miss Jostle and Peter Squint?"

"I think I must be excused," I answered. "Yet I am greatly obliged to you for the privilege you have bestowed upon me. You have set me thinking. What, can you tell me, is the meaning of this sickliness of mood which has come over the model whom you so much admire, and whose first gifts to us were certainly international episodes of happy augury? He once wrote charmingly about Daisies—why does he now write disagreeably about Maisies? Vicious valets and neurotic nursery governesses are not pleasant in the flesh or out of it. The charnel-house and the dustbin don't smell sweet."

"I think," said the lady with a little warmth, "you are both borné in your notions and impertinent in their expression. Mr. Jacques, at any rate, has a right to impose what style he likes on the public. They are in the position of recipients."

"Impose," I replied, "is a two-edged word. As for style, it is sometimes difficult to say where style ends and trickery begins. I confess to a weakness for self-evident sentences in preference to an interminable coil of knotless threads. I am afraid when a man falls in love with the pattern of his own carpet he is in a bad way."

"He will be greatly obliged to you, I am sure," said the young lady, rising. "I must not, however, leave the

children alone any longer. I hope when we next meet you may be of a better mind."

"That seemed rather a tiresome woman," said Owle, in his gruff way; "are these also acquaintances of yours?" And he looked down the terrace.

A beautiful woman with traces of great ugliness was now coming towards us, talking volubly to a companion of her own age, who was smoking a cigarette and looked like an impersonation of Carmen. Fragments of talk were audible, and such expressions as "the electric chair," "frightful noise in my ears," "Burke looking dirty but divine," reached us.

"Good gracious!" I exclaimed. "It is Patience Sparhawk. The Californians are here! I hope they have not brought a Bacchante in their train. We ought to be spared the dipsomaniac element."

When the ladies returned from the end of the terrace the brunette with the operatic air came up to us and said, "I hope you will both take tickets for my friend Mrs. Burke's lecture to-morrow evening on 'American Wives and English Husbands.' She will probably serve the husbands up on toast, but the wives won't have it all their own way, neither. She has seen the British aristocracy at home, and although they have got the best of it as regards heredity, she thinks they want pulling together, and it is the Americans who just do it."

"Dear me," said Owle, when she had gone with an assurance of our presence on the following evening, "are the Californians also vexed with the husband question? It seems epidemic."

"It is a sort of influenza," I said. "Marriage in California, as described by those who know, is a kind of Wild West Show, with a dash of the Adelphi drama."

At this moment a waiter came up and handed me a note. The envelope

was stamped with the Meredithen Schloss address. The inclosure was brief:

"I have heard that you are here. Meet me at seven o'clock at the Cross-ways. I have a communication of importance to make.—Diana."

"Thy name is indiscretion," I murmured. "She ought, poor dear! to have had enough of important communications by this time. What a mare's nest too, it all was! They ought really to have been better informed at the Schloss; but Diana made certainly a more picturesque culprit than Lord Inverdeen. To the Cross-ways I must go."

Owle was willing to accompany me on the way, which lay through a sweet-scented pine-wood, up a slight ascent. As we walked leisurely up the hill, a singular figure appeared suddenly on the summit of the gradient. He was gesticulating wildly and assuming a variety of grotesque attitudes. Now he seemed to be one walking down a street and peering up at windows and into doorways, now he seemed to be looking behind obstacles in his way, such as rocks and boulders. He ran with leaps and bounds with such velocity that he might have been propelled by wings. Suddenly he stopped, and wiping a cold perspiration from his forehead, broke out into an unintelligible lingo in which he frequently apostrophized an absent female whom he invoked as "Inky Girl—Inky Girl!"

Owle was simply quaking with alarm. He was not much reassured when I burst into a fit of laughter and taking him by the arm said, "He is perfectly harmless. It is only Caterwaulwin in one of his fits of composition. He is always taken like this before writing a novel. If you were to take down what he says in short-hand you would preserve some fine passages of eloquence which might otherwise be lost."

"But he might rush upon me and throttle me," said Owle, "if he were to notice me."

"Not at all likely," I replied. "I know him better than that. I will speak to him and you note down what he says. Waulwin," I went on, addressing our remarkable visitant, "I will call you that for brevity—how are you and where are you?"

"I am on Snowdon," he answered, "but, oh! be careful how you speak. If Winnie, my child, dimpled Winnie, hears you, she may jump down that chasm into the swirling torrent. Look! there she flies from me again. Winnie, my epileptic darling, I love you—more beautiful are you in your distemper than in your hours of sanity, and they, thank Heaven! are few and far between. The Romany girl is waiting for you. She is calling you to 'breakfiss' in her sweet jargon. Don't you hear her duikerlipping with the Mullos and Gorgios in the crevices of the rocks? She will play to you, Winnie, on the *crwth* the old wild songs of 'Tywysog o'r Niwl.' Where are you, my dearest? Won't you answer? Have you got your stockings on? What! Still no reply? How far is it to Bettwy-Coed, or Capel Curig or Llanfairfechan? Child! will you not respond? Then there is nothing for it but to give a wild 'halloo.'

The woods rang with his by no means melodious signalling. Owle dropped his notebook. I drew near to him and said: "Look here, Waulwin, this sort of thing won't do. What do you mean by it? You are inexpressibly tedious and not a little ridiculous."

"Ridiculous!" he retorted. "You have evidently no idea how seriously I take myself."

"That," I said, "is only another way of saying that you are utterly without the sense of humor. Let me indulge in a few words of candid appreciation. You are effeminate without being vi-

cious, and you mistake hysteria for strength. Your personages belong to no known hemisphere. I think they are perhaps Nauseatics. You invent various kinds of patois, and imagine that you are creating types of character. You describe the passion of love as if it were an outbreak of the aura epileptica. What you want is a big bath sponge and plenty of exercise."

"Exercise! Why, I am never at rest. Did you not read my account of the pursuit of my Winifred upon the mountain?"

"I did, and as a description of wet weather in Wales I thought it rather good. In fact, I had to put on a mackintosh and send the gardener, at intervals, to consult the rain-gauge."

He glared at me fiercely and exclaimed: "The laughter of fools is as the crackling of thorns under a pot." Then, with one of his remarkable bounds, he shot past me and was quickly lost to sight in the windings of the road.

Owle was greatly relieved on his departure.

"A fellow like that ought not to be allowed to go at large; his violence is terrifying."

"I take no account of his violence; his tediousness is much more intolerable to my mind. The fact is, books are rapidly killing the feeling for literature. The Roman idea of the Index is a sound one at bottom; but the difficulty lies in its application."

We were now within sight of my place of meeting with Diana.

"You need have no apprehension of his return," I said to Owle. "I must leave you, I fear, to your own devices for half an hour. If you follow that path for a short distance you will come to a charming prospect of the lake, and there I will presently rejoin you."

When I reached the Crossways there was no one there. Diana would probably come, as Lady Pennon had once

seen her come, rather late. At the end of a quarter of an hour, a flutter of draperies among the trees, the sound of a "brogue," which was an insinuation rather than an accent, two outstretched hands, announced that she had come. She spoke rapidly and appealingly.

"You are my best friend. Dear Emma's poor charcoal-burners are in need of 5,000 thalers. Your promise is the central rock. I will give you this"—she drew a small scroll from her bosom. "It ought not to appear before next month, but the form has been decided upon, and there is no repeal. Do with it what you will. Sell it again for a charity. 'Twill be the making of a tombola. I must go; for although the distance is nothing compared to that between Mayfair and Printing House Square, I must not be missed, and my britzka has a lame horse. Stukeley Culbrett and Adrian Harley saw me leave. Thus I am between Argus and Polyphemus." She pressed my hands and was gone, fleet as a swallow, through the woods. I yielded to the sentiment of curiosity, and opening the roll of paper she had placed in my hands, I read the superscription,

"ALETHEA OF THE BACKSTAIRS."

"She always speaks in spirals," said Mrs. Elphinstone Chetwode. "He moves on the diagonal," and with this the trenchant woman passed out to loiter among the urns of the Italian Garden, where Alethea, who was half whim and half principle, was certain to meet her among the old vases and arabesques. She was an intermittent keeper of trysts, but knew the value of intervals, and, although often rhomboiding in a twixt and between, gave her friend's thoughts circumvallation. People, however, who live in vitreous habitations ought to pause before they take

aim with saxeous projectiles. Alethea was a rare target-hitter, and to-day was in possession of the dear creature's periphery.

"'Alethea,' rallied Mrs. Chetwode, 'you are a clairvoyante.' She also wriggled a glance backward at Lady Lebanon, who was wheeling down the avenue on parallel gyres with Sir Duckworth Worthduck, and added, 'What do you see?' 'Nothing but what is in sight,' the lucid one replied. 'Look at the two! Shall we compare moral boomerangs?'

"Mrs. Chetwode's eye assumed an augurial declension, the counterstroke to Alethea's orbital innuendo. The two women were always rather more so, and knew it. But between friends the inevitable is everything."

"How delightful," I exclaimed, "are the foibles of the great! This must have a place in my collection of autographs of the great Victorian novelists."

When I overtook Owle again at our rendezvous, he was standing with a hand raised to his ear as if listening to some distant sound.

"What an extraordinary place this is!" he said. "I am almost certain I heard bagpipes—the real strident, Scottish bagpipe. The sound came from that quarter—let us go and see."

We turned our backs on the gleaming expanse of water and islet below, and struck through the wood until we reached a narrow opening that seemed to give entrance to a glen. It turned out, however, to be a large inclosure containing row upon row of plump and verdant cabbages. There were also some farm buildings, and we saw very distinctly a midden. Several persons were moving to and fro, and all seemed in deep emotion.

"Have they been at a funeral," said Owle, "and who are they? I should say that that group yonder consisted of a minister and elders. That is evi-

dently the country doctor, and the person he is talking to might be a laird. The old farmer and his wife are objects of sympathy. I had no idea the Scots were so demonstrative."

"I have it!" I exclaimed. "This is the 'Kail Yard.' *Hinc illa lacrymae.*"

At this moment a voice behind me, marked by a strong accent and a tinge of scorn, was protesting. "Shades of Sir Walter and of Galt, yes and of Mrs. Oliphant, is this Scottish life and character? Three-fourths of it is glossary and twaddle."

When we looked round the speaker was retreating with such quickness of step that identification was impossible.

Cornhill Magazine.

"I think we have had a very characteristic day," I remarked to Owle; "and now we can go and enjoy our dinner." He said nothing on the way back to the hotel, and on entering at once walked into the reading-room, and took up the *Continental Bradshaw*.

When I showed him the above a short time ago, he threw it down rather pettishly after reading it. "I can't make head or tail of it. Nor do I see why I should be brought in. I never read anything except *The Field* or an occasional yellowback. I must go up to the school now. Perhaps you would like to have a look at the *Guardian*."

Horace Penn.

THE SONG OF THE SUMMER.

Yes, I am here! I flower in all the trees,
I touch your lips with soft and lavish air,
I waft my fragrance on the passing breeze—
And my despair!
And my despair; for, as I come, I go—
And whence I come you know, and whither, know;
Lo, fruit must follow, ripe and round and fair.

Oh, short-lived sweetness, brief as mortal bliss,
A breath, a glory—shadow still behind!
The artist's passion or the lover's kiss,
That bless their kind!
That bless their kind, though both on earth may meet
Earth's loss and bitterness and long defeat,
Till death give joy and vision to the blind.

Yes, I am here, the Spirit of all bloom,
The secret ecstasy of ends fulfilled,
I, Summer, rushing on my chosen doom,
For harvest willed.
For harvest willed, and white with blossom now—
White? Rainbow-hued!—trees, flowers, grasses bow,
With promise burdened and with summer thrilled!

The Speaker.

A. Matheson.

CONCERNING AN ANCIENT THEATRE.*

I revisited not long since the theatre at Orange. It is one of the finest specimens we have of the Roman period, and, very fortunately, what is left of it is precisely what is lacking in nearly all the rest. Usually the seats, or a part of them, remain; either cut out of the natural rock or built up against massive walls; while the stage, with its more fragile and yet more complicated structures, is the part which has suffered most. Here, however, the stage has lasted; and the first thing we see is that exterior façade of the edifice, which has perished in almost every other instance, but is here in remarkable preservation. We are conscious of an irresistible thrill when, after threading for a time the narrow streets of the little town, we emerge in presence of this huge and lofty wall, bare of decoration save for the few Doric columns which flank the doors, while above a row of closed windows project the stones into which were inserted the stakes that upheld the *velarium*. Surely, the Romans combined a great variety of merits in their architecture; and he who has seen, upon a fair summer day, the elegant arches of the Pont du Gard, relieved against a background of dazzling sunlight, will have been compelled to own that they now and then succeeded in adding grace to grandeur. In the present instance it is grandeur which carries the day. The effect produced by the theatre at Orange is due to mass and simplicity only. And that effect must have been mightily enhanced when the circus which was built alongside the theatre still existed and the two edifices were united and completely sur-

rounded by the portico, of which a few fragments yet remain.

Inside, the spectacle is equally striking. The great wall at the back of the stage, which was erected against the outer façade, is very well preserved, and we discern traces everywhere of the ornamentation which covered it; while of the stage itself so much is left that it can be restored, even in the most minute details. This is well known to be the most interesting part of the theatre at Orange, and it can hardly be necessary for me to describe it while the beautiful illustrations to the classic work of Caristie¹ are in existence. I shall, therefore, dwell more particularly upon other points.

As I look about me and compare this beautiful building with others of the same kind that I have seen in France, Italy and Africa, and endeavor by taking something from each to reconstruct a Roman theatre in its integrity, I become more and more convinced that mine is not a work of mere vain curiosity. The better I understand the various parts of these vast constructions, and the clearer the conception I form of them in my own mind, the more fully do I seem to comprehend the plays that were given in them. Doubtless the theatre was made for them, but they were made for the theatre too; and unconsciously, it may be, to their authors, they were arranged with reference to the places where they were to be given. The very conditions of their presentation imposed certain limitations which were first accepted and then became conventions. It is quite certain that many, both of the merits and the demerits, of the classic

* Translated for The Living Age.

¹ Monumens antiques à Orange Arc de Tri-

omphe et Theatre, par Caristie. Paris, Didot: 1856.

drama for which we have been trying to discover abstruse reasons originated precisely in these conditions; but it would take too long to illustrate this point fully, and I must be content with a more superficial view. Setting aside the Grecian stage, I shall confine myself to Roman comedy, and still further to the early comedy; that is to say, to the plays of Plautus, which are the only early Roman comedies besides those of Terence that we can really be said to possess.

I know of course that in the days of Plautus and Terence theatres like the one at Orange did not exist. Pompey was the first man to build a theatre of stone. Before his day there were only wooden booths, and those originally of the simplest and most elementary description. But always, even in the remotest times, a Roman theatre consisted of the same essential parts. There were always arranged upon a sloping ground, for the most part semicircular in form, places for the spectators either to sit or to stand. In the centre there was a vacant space, which afterward became the orchestra. Opposite the spectators, closing the semicircle, and so contrived as to be visible from all parts of the latter, was the stage, which was elevated somewhat above the orchestra. We may therefore safely apply the reflections awakened by a highly-developed theatre like that of Orange to the provisional theatres of early times.

And first let us try to get some clear notion of what that infant comedy was, which served as a model for all the rest, and must, therefore, always be an interesting subject of study. Let us endeavor to understand its primitive conditions and the manner in which these were accepted, and so to

explain the reasons of its original success.

I.

The first thing to be noted about the theatre at Orange, as about all Roman theatres,² is that it was uncovered. It was the custom, during the hottest hours of the day, for bands of linen of different widths to be drawn across the top, but these *vela*³ did not completely intercept either the light or the air. One must always have had a sense of the open sky overhead: a flood of light shone upon the great mass of the public, and the spectators' eyes were not expected to be fixed exclusively upon the stage. They might wander all over the edifice at will, attracted by a thousand interesting objects; not to mention the fact that the exquisite sites of many of these theatres and the extreme beauty of their surroundings must in themselves have offered a considerable distraction. I do not myself see how a spectator, sitting upon one of the higher rows at Taormina, can have helped turning round, from time to time, to observe Etna in flames, or gazing straight in front of him at the noble panorama of the Sicilian sea, with the coast of Calabria visible on the horizon; and I must confess that even if the play had happened to be by Euripides or Menander I should not have thought it the fault of those poets if I had been a bad listener.

What a contrast is here, to the tightly-closed play-houses of the present day, with their artificial lights which can be turned up or down at will, or even put out entirely, so that the stage only being visible attention may be concentrated wholly upon it, and nothing of what is done or said there lost

² I except, of course, those very small theatres, evidently designed for musical concerts, or perhaps for public lectures, of which there is a specimen at Pompeii, close beside the great theatre.

³ These "vela," collectively, constituted the *velarium*. In some of the play-bills found at Pompeii, it is announced, as an attraction, that the spectators will be sheltered from the rain: "vela erunt."

to the spectator! The solitude thus created about each member of the audience, the mood of abstraction which it implies, and the concentrated attention which it induces, enable him closely to follow the most complicated plots. But in those open theatres, flooded with light, where every man was as much a spectacle to his neighbor as the actor on the stage, it was impossible to unfold before the wandering eyes of the public any but the simplest and most obvious kinds of action, demanding no mental effort or strained attention, disturbing him as little as possible in his ordinary habits of thought and containing as few disconcerting novelties and subtle refinements as might be. Here we have, at the outset, in the very plan of the edifice, one indication of the kind of piece which will probably be represented there.

Let us go a little farther and consider the seats provided for the spectators. At Orange these are sadly dilapidated, and it has been found needful partially to reconstruct them for the representations which have been given there in late years; but in other places they are better preserved. At Dougga, for instance, in Tunis, it is a wonderful sight to see those fine stone benches, rising uninterruptedly to the top of the building with all their *precincts*⁴ intact, and the flights of steps which permitted the spectators to circulate freely without disturbing one another.

Nothing is lacking in this building except the portico or colonnade which encircled the top, and one's first idea as he looks down from above into what was called the *canea* is that it must have been very difficult for an actor's voice to fill that immense space and make himself heard even in the upper

colonnade, where the common people stood huddled together. Even in our own small and carefully enclosed theatres a great deal of what is spoken on the stage escapes us, and does it not seem as though yet more must have been lost in those of the ancients?

We shall be told, of course, that the experiment has been made and the question decided: that precisely in this theatre at Orange pieces both ancient and modern have several times been represented, and that the densely packed crowd upon those ascending seats has not lost a word. All the newspapers have published enthusiastic reports, and it is held to have been established beyond a doubt that in the old theatres, notwithstanding all the seemingly unfavorable conditions, the speeches of the actors were easily heard by all. This is going rather far, and I do not think the ancients can have been quite as sure as we are. They can hardly have been satisfied with the acoustic properties of their theatres, since they were always trying to improve them. How otherwise can we explain the speaking-trumpets which they so often put into the mouths of their tragic or comic masques? or those *echoes* described by Vitruvius, contrivances very frequently introduced for receiving sounds from the stage and giving them back in increased volume? A stronger proof lies in the anxiety of the actors themselves, who are always afraid of not being heard. Plautus frequently says to the public in his prologues: "Do you hear? Do you take me? It's a wonder if you do!" And if some spectator in the upper row who has not succeeded in finding a seat makes a negative sign, he shouts, "Off with you then! If you cannot find a seat you must take your walks elsewhere. It is not fair for you to reduce poor players to beggary. I'll not run the risk of starving to please you!"

⁴ The *precincts* were the railings that divided the different levels.

It will be seen that the testimony of the ancients is not quite at one with that of our modern experiments, but I fancy they can be reconciled and that the contradiction is only apparent. The men of old cannot have thought it impossible for a performer to make himself heard in their theatres, because they built them in the same way to the very last; and authors never ceased to bring out their pieces there. They merely believed that success depended upon certain conditions, and these conditions, I may observe, are all present in our modern representations. The festivals at which they have been given were advertised long beforehand, and excited the keenest interest everywhere. People came from a great distance to see illustrious actors in famous pieces, and they came disposed to listen with religious attention. The audience, I have been told, was always profoundly silent, following the performance with a kind of rapt concentration of mind. This is precisely what the classic authors asked of their public, and what they almost never obtained.

As for the public of Plautus, thanks to his prologues, we know perfectly well what sort of folk they were who filled the *canea* of his improvised theatre on the days when his pieces were given. With the exception of the senators, for whom it had by that time become the custom to have seats reserved in the orchestra, people rushed into the graded seats pell-mell without distinction of persons. There were first of all the rude and stalwart peasants, who toiled the whole year long, tilling the hard and fever-breeding soil of their farms in the *Ager Romanus*, who came to Rome on the great feast-days for a little diversion, and whose idea of diversion included much movement and a great deal of noise. Be-

side them sat the small shop-keepers of the town, the butchers, bakers and oil-merchants of the *Velabrum*, to whom Mercury in the prologue promises a thriving trade if only they will hold their peace.⁸ There were also women in great numbers. In the time of Augustus, they were strictly forbidden to be present at the performances of certain plays, and special seats were assigned them for others. Only at the games in the circus were they freely admitted. But in Plautus' day these restrictions did not exist, and women were everywhere in the audience, chattering, as Naevius says, like grasshoppers. Even the wet-nurses were there with their babies in their arms. The courtesans always made for the front seats that they might be the more conspicuous. And not only were the women a most fruitful source of disorder, but they played their part in the cabals, whereby the fate of pieces was decided. Terence attributes the failure of the *Hecyra* in part to their outcries (*clamor mulierum*). Finally, the audience comprised a certain number of actual slaves, who, in the confusion of ranks, and the general disorderliness of the festival, contrived to slip in, and who, despite the obfuscations of the actor, who tried to toll them off by vaunting the attractions of the tavern, were by no means disposed to yield their places to free men. Imagine a mob of this kind, shouting, stamping, fighting for the good seats, while the police-officers, *designatores*, *conquistatores*, only increase the uproar by their attempts to allay it. Such was the public to whom a dramatic author appealed, and whom he had to amuse at all hazards if he would keep them reasonably still.

II.

It was the chief preoccupation of

⁸ Prologue to the *Amphitryon*. The authenticity of some of these prologues is denied, but

they are certainly very old, and date back nearly to the time of Plautus.

Plautus to do this. First of all, he must make himself heard by the spectators, and keep them in their seats, which they were all ready to quit the moment they began to be bored. His piece must therefore be so plain as to be understood without effort, and accordingly he begins by telling the whole story in the prologue. If by so doing he deprives his hearers of the charm of surprise, he greatly facilitates their comprehension of his theme and puts a thread in their hands which will guide them through all the intricacies of the plot. Should any trace of obscurity still remain he will not hesitate about employing the simplest of means to dispel it. To make all sure, the characters announce themselves, and one another: "I am the parasite. That woman at the head of the procession is the one my master is in love with." The actors take care to keep constantly in touch with the public, murmuring asides, or asking questions upon every occasion. A slave who has deceived his absent master and then hears that the latter is come home, a husband who has been unfaithful to his wife and dreads the scene to which she is sure to treat him, turn piteously toward the spectators and ask if there be not some good soul among them who will change places with him for a moment. The public thus becomes, in a way, one of the *dramatis personæ*, and is sure to feel a heightened interest in a comedy where he has a part.

Plautus is ready, if need be, to go farther even than this. He is bound to indulge the caprices of his audience, however unreasonable. If he begins to fear that his piece is too long, he will unhesitatingly shorten it. Several scenes may yet be needed to complete the action, but if the public does not care for them he lets them go and one of the actors comes forward, as in the "Casina," and explains the dénouement in a few words. It is an extremely prim-

itive proceeding; but what would you have? The hearers are growing impatient. Some of them who had to get up very early have omitted the precaution to take breakfast, and are hungry and thirsty and must be allowed to go home as soon as possible. The beautiful order of the Greek plays on which the Latin are founded, will, of course, be marred; we shall be accused of having broken the rules,—but what of it? The only real rule is the gratification of the spectators for whom the comedy is acted.

Horum causa haec agitur spectatorum fabula.

The main thing is that they should have what they like. Plautus knows no poetic exigency higher than this.

He was indeed very severely criticised for thus truckling to the public. Horace says of him that what he wanted was to put money in his purse, and that he cared for nothing else. This harsh remark was quite unjust if it meant that Plautus was one of those avaricious artists who are solely bent on accumulating a fortune. The poor man did not aim so high. All he wanted was a livelihood. He had known penury of the most cruel kind,—the kind that follows affluence. Varro says, and we have no reason to doubt his testimony, that Plautus had been ruined by commercial speculations, and had to hire himself out to grind corn in a baker's shop in order to keep from starving. He had bitter memories of that episode no doubt, and was very happy to put in his purse the money that might save him from the bakery and the mill. But to make money one must succeed; for authors are paid only in proportion to the triumphs they win. The applause for which Plautus prays at the end of his pieces is no mere gratification of his vanity. It is an imperious necessity; and how

should he not have done all in his power to deserve it?

It is worthy of remark, however, that the sacrifices which he made to secure applause really cost him nothing, because the taste of the public was his own, and he pleased himself in pleasing his audience,—a fact which I conceive to be explained by the class from which he sprang and the way in which he had lived. We know almost nothing about his youth, but it hardly seems possible that he can have been educated at school. We know that while still young he was connected, in some way, with the theatre, though not, I imagine, as an actor.⁶ He was probably engaged in some business connected with the stage, such as the furnishing of costumes or properties, or the organization of the *claque*, which early assumed a high importance. He thus became associated with one of those strolling companies who played both at Rome and in the other great Italian towns. He accompanied it upon its peregrinations, and was thoroughly versed in theatrical affairs. He was well acquainted both with the authors who translated and adapted pieces from the Greek and with the actors who represented them, and he learned something both from the success and the failures of other men. It is easy to understand how, when his unlucky commercial speculations had reduced him to absolute poverty, the idea should have occurred to him of imitating what he had seen others do and of composing comedies on his own account.

He thus possessed, at the outset, what is often more valuable than the instructions of many professors—experience. He troubled himself little about literary perfection, because he

did not write for readers. He thought only of the folk who throng the theatres on a holiday, and knowing them personally he knew what would please them. The public was his first master, and I very much doubt whether he ever had any other. He would seem never to have been, like the majority of his colleagues, the *protégé* of any great person. We are not told that he belonged to the following of a Scipio, or a Fulvius Nobilior; and possibly he would not have felt at ease in their society. Notwithstanding his ordinary reserve, he permits himself slyly to ridicule now and again their grand and serious airs. He loves to show us a slave who has gotten the better of his master, triumphing like a victorious general; and he puts into the mouth of the menial upon such occasions interminable speeches, full of pompous collocations of words which parody the solemn formulas of patrician harangues. He must have frequented rather low society, and he has left us, in the fourth act of the "Curculio," a topography of Rome, where the different quarters are named after the various kinds of dishonest folk who inhabit them; and with all of the criminal population he was evidently well acquainted. He speaks their dialect with marvellous fluency, and when it is a case of pitting against one another, slaves, parasites or petty traders, he reveals a wealth and variety of vituperative eloquence which can only have been acquired in their company. These people, who formed the vast majority of the spectators, must have been delighted to recognize themselves upon the stage as well as the people whom they knew and the scenes in which they daily took part. It seems to me that it is precisely this understanding be-

⁶ Ritschl agrees with me, but M. Leo, in a recent work, *Plautischen Forschungen*, maintains that Plautus was an actor. Varro is, however, our only authority, and his expressions do not seem to me to favor the supposition. Livius

Andronicus did certainly play in his own pieces; but after his day regular troupes of comedians were organized, who were mostly slaves, and Plautus always speaks of actors with a certain contempt.

tween the play-wright and his audience which renders the comedies of Plautus so thoroughly *alive* for us even now; and when I read certain passages that fairly sparkle with loose mirth and irresistible buffoonery, it seems to me that I can hear the loud laughter of the masses pealing from the upper rows.

III.

But we have lingered a good while in the *canea* in our endeavor to repeople the stone benches with the crowd that once occupied them. Some knowledge of the public whom he addressed seemed essential to a comprehension of the pieces of Plautus; but now that we have gotten a general idea of the audience, let us return to the stage. The play is about to begin; the curtain goes down and disappears under the stage, which is revealed as a platform about a metre and a half high. On this the actors are to perform their parts, and the slight elevation not only permits them to be better seen by every one, but it has other advantages indispensable in any theatre. The separation of the stage from the public, and its elevation a few feet above the common ground on which we tread, suggest the idea that the action represented takes place in a world unlike our own, and slightly superior to it; that we are to see a picture of common life indeed, but somehow enlarged and idealized. It is an arrangement which disposes us to accept with docility certain connections which would shock us more, if we were not, at the outset, removed from, and lifted above the bald reality of things. In a word, it is one of the conditions of dramatic illusion.

We know, from Vitruvius, that the

stage was much deeper in a Roman theatre than in a Greek one. At Epidaurus, for instance, the stage is only about three metres deep; it was never more than five or six. This is very little, and it has been justly observed that actors playing upon so narrow a strip of stage, almost touching the background, must have looked like a bas-relief in motion. It is quite otherwise at Orange, where the stage, from the low parapet which divides it from the orchestra, to the door at the extreme back, measures twenty-eight metres, which is almost as deep as the stage of the Theatre Francais, at Paris, including the stage-boxes. But we must remember, if we get an idea of its true proportions, that at Paris the opening which frames the action is only about twelve metres and a half wide; while at Orange it must have been more than fifty metres, which at once alters the proportion between the breadth and depth of the stage; also that the Roman actors were much more anxious than ours to keep as near the spectators as possible in order to make themselves heard, so that they went through with their motions on a very long and narrow scene, which appears to have received the special name of *pulpitum*, and where the flooring was usually of wood.⁷ This explains a kind of situation very common in the plays of Plautus, and which it is, at first, somewhat difficult to understand. The personages being usually on the same line, and often far removed from one another, may be easily supposed not to see one another, or to realize that their observations are overheard. The father of a family comes out of his house in high dudgeon at a trick played him by his son and his slave in collusion, and meditating ven-

⁷ At Dougga, in Africa, however, the excavations of Dr. Carton have lately shown that the entire stage was covered with a rather coarse mosaic. At most there can only have been a

square space in the middle covered with wooden planking, which served as the trap-door, required by many of the representations.

geance; while at the same time the son and the slave, who have taken refuge at the far end of the *pulpitum*, lose not a word of his threats, but amuse themselves with his voluble wrath, while they take their precautions to evade it.

How was the scenery disposed upon such a stage? and was there, properly speaking, any scenery at all? At Orange the great wall at the back, with its marvellous adornment of columns and statues, may well have served as a kind of set scene, useful for all pieces alike. But this belongs to a time when the representation of tragedies and comedies had become so rare as to be exceptional—their place having been almost wholly usurped by mime and pantomime. For a different period Vitruvius distinguishes three kinds of scenery: palaces for tragedy; for comedy, private houses with terraces and windows affording glimpses of those artificial vistas for which Italy still owns a partiality; and for the satirical drama, rustic scenes, trees and grottoes. In the time of Plautus the stage arrangements must have been even simpler. The single trustworthy indication afforded by his pieces is that toward the back of the theatre, opposite the side scenes, there must have been a house or two, detached or otherwise, whose doors opened to permit the exit of some of the personages; while others were supposed to enter from without, by doors at the back of the stage.

The house opened either upon a public square, or upon a street; but it was a peculiar kind of street, where there was no passing so long as the comedy lasted. The personages are as much at their ease there as they could be in their own houses, feeling entirely secure from unwelcome interruption. Slaves hatch their plots, and husbands caress their mistresses, without so much as a thought of discovery. In

the "Mostelleria" a young girl comes out of the bath and completes her toilet before the house-door. In the "Asinaria," an old man on pleasure bent spreads a table in the open air outside the house, and sits down between his son and a courtesan, whom he embraces from time to time to the extreme delight of the spectators. It is in the street also that the two slaves in the "Stichus" eat, drink and dance, remarking that if anybody comes by he shall be invited to join in their jubilee, though they know very well that they are in no danger of being interrupted.

IV.

But notwithstanding the liberties which Plautus took, and which his public permitted, the fact remains that the stage represented a street, and that only such action could be introduced as might take place in the open air. This confined the author to a very narrow range of subjects, and it was one of the circumstances which condemned the comedy of the ancients to a certain monotony. Despite the wealth and novelty of their details, the ground-work of the plays is always much the same. We shall have occasion to recur later on to this uniformity of place, for which, indeed, there were a variety of reasons, but which must be attributed, in part, to the arrangement of the stage.

A much more serious result of this same arrangement was, that from comedies enacted wholly on the public highway, family life was necessarily excluded. What may be observed in the street is, after all, not much. For sights more curious and moving, one would have had to open those fast-closed houses and make his way in. Plautus never gets beyond the door, and has, apparently, no desire to do so. The world that lived inside those walls

was not his world. He can have seen but little of it, and what he had seen had not increased his desire for a closer acquaintance. If he judged the matrons by what he says of their husbands, he cannot have had a very high opinion of them. The picture which he draws of those ladies is not flattering. It is not that he accuses them of bad conduct. Great scandals must have been rare in his day; and in any case, a comic author would not have been permitted to put them on the stage for the diversion of the public. The women whom Plautus represents have been guilty of no serious indiscretion; and yet what insufferable beings they are! He shows them so vain of the dowries they have brought their lords, so fretful, imperious and quarrelsome, that his own sympathies are plainly with those who keep clear of the whole business, and hamper themselves with no household. In one of the sprightliest scenes of the "Miles Gloriosus," Periplectomenes being asked why he is not married, replies that a wife is much too costly a luxury for him; and then proceeds to estimate with sarcastic relish the money he would have to spend on her dress and her pleasures. It should be observed, moreover, that Periplectomenes is the wise man of the piece, and that the other characters have the highest respect for him and his opinions. The public also would seem to have admired them, since the actors were perpetually adding little touches of their own.*

But Periplectomenes does not stop here. When some one observes that it is, after all, a fine thing for a wealthy and well-born man to have sons to continue his line, and keep his memory green, he remains quite unmoved by this eminently Roman sentiment and

makes answer gaily: "What do I want of sons? Have I not other relatives to look after me, thanks to whose attentions I can live exactly as I please? They are with me before day-break to ask how I have slept and to bring me little presents. If they offer a sacrifice they keep the tid-bits for me, and I get more than they have themselves. They serve them up at breakfast or dinner, and invite me to the repast. If they find that any one else has been beforehand with them, they are in despair. Of course when I see them vying with one another in this way I know that they are looking for the reversion of my money. But meanwhile I live at their expense and on their gifts." These are what will frankly be called, a century and a half later, the advantages of celibacy,—*pramia orbitatis*, and a great many people will desire to enjoy them. That evil which continued up to the very last to prey upon Roman society, of which there was complaint even in the days of the Gracchi, which Augustus combatted all his life, unremittingly but without success, was a more ancient evil than is commonly supposed. The germ of it existed even in the golden age of the Republic. Plautus, who perceives, makes light of it, and even encourages it. The scene that I have quoted from the "Miles Gloriosus" goes far to explain the wrath of Mommsen against the Roman comedy (which he abuses as the utterly immoral foe both of the family and the fatherland), and to justify the reproaches which he heaps upon the Roman magistrates for not abolishing it altogether. But how should the magistrates have set their faces against the comic stage when they freely agreed, in their hearts, with the sentiments expressed by the actors? Cato,

* Certain interpolations which have been detected in the different manuscript copies of this scene prove beyond a doubt that such gags were

introduced by the actors to amuse the audience. The same thing happens in the *Avare* of Moliere.

the great citizen and severe censor, thinks and speaks precisely as Plautus does. He never misses occasion for making silly speeches to ladies; yet he cannot conceal his satisfaction at the harshness with which they were treated by the Roman law, and the difference between their condition and that of men. "If your wife be taken in adultery," he says, "you may slay her without a trial. This is your right. * * * * * But she," he triumphantly adds, "if she should discover the like fault in you, could not so much as lay a finger on you. It is forbidden by law." Plautus has introduced this very situation into one of his comedies. The wife of Menechme having been deceived by her husband, who has taken her finest clothes and given them to his mistress, appeals to her father, like the wife of George Dandin in Molière, but with a very different result. The father takes the husband's part immediately. He blames his daughter for spying upon her spouse, and lays it down as an axiom that she must let him do exactly what he pleases. And when she goes on to say that he is making love to a prostitute who lives next door, the father answers that he has a perfect right to do so.

At enim ille hinc amat meretrinem ex proxum. — Sane sapit:

Plautus very rarely says a good word for a free-woman. Twice or thrice only in all his plays does he condescend to treat them with some little consideration. The sisters of Stichus whom their father tries to persuade to leave their husbands because the latter are poor, and who refuse; and the little daughter of Persa, whom the parasite her father orders to step into a bad place for a moment, in order to play a scurvy trick upon the master of the house, and who is so very unwilling to

go;—these are upright persons, but totally destitute of charm. In the most distressing situations they remain perfectly composed, and in lieu of weeping and lamenting they argue and discuss. The Roman women were perhaps like this, and Plautus has represented them with the qualities which they either had or affected to have, and of which they were proud. But these were plainly not the qualities that attracted him. He certainly prized above their virtuous rigidity, the easy grace, the piquant caprices, and the bewitching self-surrender of those youthful courtesans whom he has drawn so charmingly and often so tenderly. His natural sphere was among them, and he preferred to keep within it. Once, and once only, Plautus would seem to have been wholly in sympathy with a character of his own who was both a good woman and of good birth. I allude to Alcmena, in the strange drama of "Amphitryon," which is full of surprises, and where the gods, after having so far forgotten themselves as to engage in all sorts of comic business, recover, toward the close, the full majesty of their ideal attitude. Alcmena, too, extricates herself from the most compromising positions without the least loss of matronly dignity. She loves her husband fondly, intensely; yet she is, at the same time, exceedingly jealous for his honor. She loves her country so truly that she sacrifices to it, without a murmur, her own conjugal joys. She is gentle, caressing, retiring; ready to forgive the minor affronts of Amphitryon. But the moment she feels that she has been gravely outraged she draws herself proudly up, and without uttering a single reproach, bravely demands a divorce with all the forms of law. The Alcmena of Molière under similar circumstances displays nothing like the same firmness and sobriety. The latter had been coquettish rather than tender.

After the storm bursts she is violent rather than firm. In either case the poet represented a woman of his own time and country. The lady in Plautus is by no means one of those colorless Greek women of whom Pericles said that it was their true glory not to be spoken of either in praise or blame. She is a Roman matron, indissolubly bound to her husband for better or for

worse, and she knows the respect that is due her. Plautus, who can have seen this kind of woman only at a distance, has invested her with such dignity and charm in this one case that we cannot help wishing he had oftener crossed the threshold of the mansion, before which he halted, only too respectfully.

Gaston Boissier.

Revue des Deux Mondes.

(*To be concluded.*)

DAVID PECK'S LOVE AFFAIR.

He had been married ten years, and had had eight children, when his love affair, which caused so much interest in Dulditch, began.

It began by his going home late one night, leaving the underkeeper to watch the brooding hens in the Long-meadow plantation where the pheasants were reared, calling in at the White Hart on his way, and carrying a drop too much from there. He had had a sunstroke at an early period of his career, his head was still a trouble to him at times, and the drop too much was always a matter for which he had to suffer. Worse than that, his wife, more rarely his children, had to suffer too.

And it happened that that night, when he reached home an hour before midnight, he found no supper left out for him.

He called his wife's name angrily up the stairs; but if Mrs. Peck was not too sound asleep to hear, she certainly pretended to be. So up David went, stumbling a little in his heavy boots on the uncarpeted stairs, and muttering to himself. A small shadeless lamp was burning on a chair beside

the bed, and by its light he looked up on his wife's face.

"Matilda," he said, with tipsy dignity, "where's my supper?"

Even when he put his hand upon the woman's shoulder and shook her, repeating the question, there came no answer, only the flicker of Matilda's lashes upon her cheek.

The husband swore an oath at this, and called his wife an ugly name.

"If I'm to have no supper, that should be the master in my own house, I'm blamed if you shall lay here and snore," he said.

With that, and without more ado, he pulled her out of bed, and she, not trying to save herself in any way, and still feigning slumber, fell heavily upon the floor.

He left her there, and went to get his own supper ready; and when he came back to bed she was gone.

She had got into bed with some of the kids in the next room, he told himself, and vowed, with a tipsy pride in his prowess, that each night she served him that trick he'd punish her after the same fashion.

But Matilda Peck had not taken ref-

uge with her children, creeping into their already crowded bed, as she had done on other similar occasions. She had dressed herself, and wrapped the baby, which slept with her, in an old black shawl over its night-shirt, and had gone, in the burning sense of injury, and the strength of the anger which possessed her, through the night to her mother's cottage.

"I've had enough of blows and blackguarding from a thankless, beer-drinkin' brute," she said. "I'll ha' done with havin' a child a year, and bein' at the mercy of that villain. I'll stop along o' you, mother, as you've often arst me, and he can shift for hisself at last."

The mother was a widow, still carrying on the little farm of fifteen acres in which her husband had died, and where Matilda, her only daughter, had been born. She was a woman filled with restless energy, an anxious, prating, uncomfortable woman, who had led her lazy old husband a stirring life, routing him out of existence and into his grave at last, the neighbors said. She had been no friend of David's even in the days when the young keeper had gone courting Matilda Mash in the long, one-storeyed farmhouse, not much more than a cottage, to which she had now returned. She had sided with the wife in all disputes which had arisen in her married life, and son-in-law and mother-in-law never met without a quarrel.

On the afternoon of the day following that on which she left him, David Peck, taking easily in his long stride the little barred gate of the garden, appeared before the locked door of the Pound Farm, and in loud tones, banging upon the door with his stick, demanded his wife.

It was early summer time, and the lattice windows of the kitchen, through which Mrs. Peck looked forth upon her husband, were wreathed in long

branches of the pale monthly rose. The rose had bloomed in a like luxuriant way, framing her face, when, a girl, she had looked out upon the same handsome figure awaiting her there. She took one hurried glance now, and shrank away to the shady corner of the room, nervously patting with her work-worn hand the back of the baby boy who hung over her shoulder.

"He's here, mother. Here's David," she said, breathlessly whispering.

"Kape your mouth shut and kape out o' his way," commanded the mother.

Receiving no answer to his attack upon the door, David moved to the window. Such a strong, big figure, blocking out the sunshine! How many a time in the old days Matilda had talked to him there as she moved about her work, laughing into the sunburned face looking in upon her as it was looking now.

"Mother, I ha' come for my wife," he said.

To this neither woman made reply. The baby, hanging over Matilda's shoulder, jumped a little on her arm, and crowded delightedly at the sound of the father's voice.

David held up a finger to his wife: "You come along o' me; and bring our boy along o' you, or I'll break every bone in your skin, my woman," he said; and she not responding to this gentle invitation, he picked up a stone from the loose soil at his feet, and, standing a few paces off, flung it at the window.

At the sound of the shivering glass and the angry cry from old Mrs. Mash, two policemen, lying in ambush there, walked out from the elder bushes at the end of the little garden and took their friend and comrade, David Peck, into custody.

Because of his good looks, his honesty, and other good qualities which, spite of little surface failings already

indicated, he possessed, David was something of a favorite with the better classes. Several locally influential people came forward and said a good word for the man before the magistrates; so that, in spite of Matilda's bruises to which the doctor testified, in spite of, or perhaps because of, the animus of Mrs. Mash, the keeper was not sent to prison, only bound over to maintain the peace and dismissed without a fine. But Mrs. Peck duly obtained the separation for which she asked, the custody, besides, of the five youngest children and maintenance for them; to the father being committed the charge of the other three.

So Matilda was driven home triumphantly in her mother's donkey cart, her baby in her arms, through the little town where the magistrates held their meetings. David, being treated to drink by various sympathizers in the hotel bar near the police court, made a rush through his companions to see her pass. He lifted his stick high as a signal to the ladies in the donkey cart to stop.

"You shall pay for this—both of you," he called after them.

Mrs. Mash shook an angry fist at him, belabored the ass, and passed on.

"I shall go in peril of my life," Mrs. Peck said to her mother.

Perhaps she, who knew her husband well, was not so timid as she seemed; but the mother, who firmly believed her son-in-law would not stop short of murder, would never afterwards allow Matilda to go beyond the precincts of the Pound Farm alone.

This watch set upon her goings and comings, the young woman in process of time found irksome, appreciative as she must have been of the blessings of a mother's care and protection. When congratulated on the increased comfort of her position she would remind the neighbors that there were always trials wherever you was, and if

they weren't of one sort they was of another.

"Young and old didn't always agree," she would add. The little uns always seemed to be in their gran'mother's way, and the old lady didn't never seem to think as the po'r little boys and girls couldn't ever do right. She never failed, however, to finish up with the remark that she was thankful to be out o' David's clutches, for no one couldn't say how much she'd had to put up with wi' the man, and she, for her part, weren't a goin' to tell. She made no specific charges against him, indeed, and was always decently reserved on the subject of his short-comings, having a by no means cruel tongue and a temper still unspoilt by ill usage.

It was otherwise with David. Being released from his wife, it seemed that nothing was too bad for him to say of her. She had mismanaged his house, spoilt his children, wasted his money. 'Twas her love of a pint that had first urged him on to drink. But for her going in bodily fear of his vengeance she would have been unfaithful. She was a lying, idle, worthless slut.

Such wild statements he made for all Dulditch, standing agape, and much enjoying the situation, to hear. He had never been so happy and free since his wedding-day as now, he declared. He blessed the day when the Lord had put him in mind to turn the old woman out of bed. He had forbidden the children under his care to go near their mother, and boasted that he had beaten the eldest boy for disobeying orders.

But the children could have told a different tale. They knew their father did not sleep of nights, but wandered about the house, going restlessly from room to room, as if seeking something he never found. They knew that soon as the early dawn came, and before his duty called him, he went eagerly

forth as if escaping from a spot he had come to loathe. What they did not know was, that instead of going at once to the young pheasants' hatching off in the Long-meadow, to look for eggs in hedge-row and plantation, or to watch for poachers on the confines of the "shoot," he walked a mile and a half out of his way to pass the Pound Farm; that arrived there he did not pass it, but hid among the elder bushes and laburnum trees, in full flower now, to watch a certain window which had been his wife's room as a girl.

Once, as the weeks passed on, he stole from that odorous shelter, and threw a tiny pebble at the window, and softly called her name.

The birds were singing in mighty tumult that morning, every bush was alive with them; in the ivy that covered one end of the house were as many noisy sparrows as leaves. His voice was drowned in the shrill concert, or it refused to obey his will. He had no voice, nor heart, nor hardly any care for life, for missing that which the room, whose window he watched, held.

"Matilda," he whispered, "come and speak to me. Say a word to me. Give me one look. You know me, my old woman; you know I would not hurt you."

But for all the hunger of his heart, and the yearning in his eyes, and the hoarse appeal of his voice, no one came to the window. The birds sang in the full dawn, and he turned heavily about him and went on his way.

But a man who does not eat, and cannot sleep, and who has lost his interest in the pheasant hatching, and could not be roused to anxiety when the rain, lasting two nights and a day, threatened to swamp the young partridges, is in a bad way. At the White Hart it began to be noticed that David's eyes were very wild, although he was quiet-

er in his talk; and the women at the Pound Farm were warned by neighbors, always ready to do any one a turn, that David had a won'erful despit look and that probably murder would be done.

David's employer, running down from London to see how the young birds prospered, was shocked to remark the change in his handsome keeper's face, and how loosely the smart velveteen coat hung on the man's broad shoulders. Something this gentleman learnt of the story—that Peck and his wife had had a disagreement and that she had left him—and, that being so, was inclined to think the trouble, whatever it had been, over. He made his keeper a present of a five-pound note and said a word of encouragement as to the better times in store.

"Husbands have a deal to put up with, sir," Peck volunteered, solemnly and with dignity. "You, being a gentleman of the world, doubtless knows that conclusion, sir; but what my own troubles are is known to none but me."

Thanks to his employer's generosity, he looked in oftener at the White Hart, and his head became chronically bad. One night the little boy who slept with him was awakened by his father's moans of pain.

"Get up and into your clothes," David said to his son. "Run off, hard as you can go, to your mother. Says you to her, 'Father's a-dyin', come and see him, mother, afore he die.' Tell her she and me have been sweethearts since we was boy and girl at school, and I call on her now to come and see me die."

The child's little feet flew over the mile and a half of meadow-way and lane that made the short cut to Mrs. Mash's farm. It was the hour before the darkness is overthrown by the dawn, and he was frightened of gypsies, of horned cattle, of hobgoblins.

Arrived at the farmhouse door, he could only sob forth that he was afeared, that his father was a-dying, that he wanted his mother.

But Mrs. Mash knew that her son-in-law had spent the last evening at the public house.

"He's drunk, the brute!" was all she said; and Matilda, carrying her boy to the warmth and the comfort of her own bed, vowed that he should go back no more to such an unnatural father—a man who could send such a little, timid boy for such a distance at such an hour of the night.

But, when her own mother had gone back to bed, Mrs. Peck questioned her boy; and at the tale he told of this new strange father, who never laughed or played with Willy, or cared to hear him read out of his school books, or say his pieces to him any more; who never took his son to help feed the young pheasants or to hunt up eggs, who ate no dinner, but who sat at the meal with his head bowed upon the table, and sometimes cried like quite a little child, Matilda grew very thoughtful and still. Before her mother was astir in the morning, she had been to the nearest town for the doctor and sent him on to her husband.

The doctor found Mrs. Peck waylaying him as he left the keeper's cottage.

"Drink!" he said significantly. "He has been drinking heavily. He knows what he has to expect if he does it."

He had barely slackened his horse's speed as he passed her. "Don't let him drink, sir," she called after him. "Frighten him. Don't let him drink."

And when it was told to David that his wife had besought the doctor to save him from drink, he took an oath to be kept to his dying day, that not a drop of alcohol should again pass his lips.

"My life is a dog's life," he said to the doctor. "I ha'n't no wish to prolong my days, but she wished it—she

have always wished me for to take the pledge, and now I done it."

"The fact of it is, Mrs. Peck, that poor soft-headed husband of yours is dying for love of you," the doctor told Matilda, going out of his way to call at the Pound Farm one day. "Life isn't long enough to bear malice. You'll have to forgive him."

"Never!" cried Mrs. Mash, shaking an excited fist in the doctor's face. "You seen her bruises, sir; you know the hard time she have with her babies—"

"I think I'm best as I am, sir," Matilda said quietly; and regretfully the doctor acquiesced.

"To be frank with you, I think you are," he said; "but there is David to think of as well as yourself."

And of David she thought a good deal as she moved about, her child in her arms, in the low-ceilinged, red-bricked kitchen where David had "come a-courtin'" in years gone by. She was an industrious woman and a good mother; she would work till late at night, washing, ironing, mending, in order that her children might go spick and span to school in the morning. But although she spent herself willingly for them, it was of David she thought. Not so much, in these days, of the David who was the father of those chubby ones, with his eyes and a promise of his strong limbs, but of the young under-keeper of long ago, with one of her own pink rose-buds pulled through his button-hole, who, divining her goings and her comings, had waylaid her by this meadow path and that; who had talked with her over hedges and across gates, hindering her sadly as she went about her appointed tasks; who had lurked among the elder bushes in the summer evenings, waiting the hour when she could elude her mother's watchfulness and steal forth.

One night she awoke with the moonlight strong upon her face, her heart

beating wildly in her breast, and the sound of her name whispered, in her husband's voice, in her ear. She sprang from her bed and went to the window. The man she had believed to be upon his sick bed was standing in the moonlight-flooded garden looking up at her. She softly opened the window, and he threw up his arms and called her name.

"For shame, David! Go along home," she said, trembling, and much moved. She leant out of the window in her nightgown, and whispered the words lest her mother in the next room should hear. "You'll get your death, for certain, in these here night dews. Get along home with you, do, David."

"I'm so lonesome," he sighed. "So lonesome, Matilda." Then the hands he had held out to her dropped upon his face, his shoulders heaved once, twice, slowly, and she knew that he was crying.

She thought she heard her mother stirring in the next room, and she softly closed the window and crept back to bed, where she gathered her baby into her arms, and lay till morning, noiselessly weeping, his warm head upon her breast.

The man took cold from that midnight escapade and had a relapse.

It was a bleached and shrunken David Peck who, a few weeks later, and as the sweet dusk of the summer night fell, made his way to the little farmhouse where the pink monthly roses blew upon the plaster walls, and the pigs grunted a familiar welcome from their home in the straw-yard near by. He threw a light pebble at a certain window, then drew back a few steps, and hid himself in the elder bushes by the gate.

Soon, a woman came warily down the pathway; a woman whose fair hair—the only beauty she had preserved unimpaired from girlhood, although she was still under thirty years of age—was prettily ruffled beneath

the black handkerchief she had tied over her head; whose face looked lined, and worn, and anxious, but whose mouth could smile tenderly, if not mirthfully, still, and whose eyes were steady and kind.

Without a word he drew her by her toil-worn hand into the deeper gloom of the shrubs.

"Now you've got me, what have you to say for yourself?" she asked him, her lips tremulous, her eye mocking him, as he held her before him in silence. "Surely, surely, there's something to be said after all this worritin' of me to come! You never was backward w/ your tongue, nor yet always w/ your fists, come to that," Mrs. Peck went on, rallying him, his own composure hardly maintained. "Now I've come o' purpose to hear what you have got to say. You ain't a-going to remain silent for the first time I' your life—surely, surely, *sure-ly*!"

But not a word now could the ready tongue speak, and the last "*sure-ly*" broke in a little laughing sob, for the man's head lay on her shoulder, and she felt him draw his breath painfully in weeping.

There was silence between them after that, for what could eloquence have done more?

For minutes the soft and scented stillness of the night was unbroken save for the man's sobbing breath as he struggled for self-control, and the tender *hsh-hsh* of the woman's voice. Then the cottage door opened sharply, and a stream of light was thrown, between the tall white phloxes and purple delphiniums of the box-edged borders, upon the garden path. Presently Mrs. Mash, with angry, suspicious voice, called her daughter's name.

The pair in the shade of the elder bushes waited, holding their breaths, till the old woman withdrew, till the delphiniums grew black again in the

deepening twilight, and the phloxes showed starlike through the gloom. Then the man lifted his head.

"To-morrer?" he said to his wife, holding her close in arms trembling from recent illness.

And she answered:

"To-morrer."

And when to-morrow came Matilda excused herself and her children from accompanying her mother and the donkey-cart to the week's shopping in the market-town; at which disappointment of all their hopes and expectations the five lifted up their voices and wept. For was there not the lost delight of the farthing cakes with which to beguile the journey home as they sat, a huddled mass, in the bottom of the cart? Was there not that, now for ever to be missed, screw of sweets purchased with the ha'penny change when granny paid the bill? Was it not a thing of enjoyment to sit safely in the cart and to hear their relative belaboring Teddy overhead—Teddy, who never moved one sturdy leg the faster for all her whacks? To them in their small experience there was not in the world a richer person than grand-

mother, and it was a proud privilege to see that mighty woman laying in her week's stores with a judgment that never faltered and a princely liberality. Defrauded of the chief pleasure of their days, they howled rebelliously, and were scarcely reconciled to their disappointment by watching the eager bustle of "mother," who went about from place to place, collecting all their small belongings.

These, finally, the eldest boy had to drag to his father's house in the go-cart, his smallest but one brother suffocatingly wedged among the bundles, while the mother trudged alongside, her brown-haired baby in her arms, and the rest of her offspring clinging to her skirts.

When grandmother returned with her marketing she found only an empty house and silent rooms. She set her thin lips, with disappointment and bitterness at her heart, as she stalked about the forsaken kitchen getting her solitary tea ready.

"There is no helping a fool!" said grandmother through her tight-closed lips.

Mary E. Mann.

Longman's Magazine.

THE SONG OF THE OLD MOTHER.

I rise in the dawn, and I kneel and blow
 Till the seed of the fire flicker and glow,
 And then I must scrub and bake and sweep
 Till stars are beginning to blink and peep;
 And the young lie long and dream in their bed
 Of the matching of ribbon for bosom and head,
 And their day goes over in idleness,
 And they sigh if the wind but lift a tress:
 While I must work because I am old,
 And the seed of the fire gets feeble and cold.

W. B. Yeats.

SHAKESPEARE IN FRANCE.

I.

Nothing but good can come of a comparative study of English and French literature. The political intercourse of the two countries has involved them in an endless series of brawls. But between the literatures of the two countries friendly relations have subsisted for over five centuries. In the literary sphere the interchange of neighborly civilities has known no interruption. The same literary forms have not appealed to the tastes of the two nations; but differences of aesthetic temperament have not prevented the literature of the one from levying substantial loans on the literature of the other, and that with a freedom and a frequency which are calculated to breed discontent between any but the most cordial of allies. While the literary geniuses of the two nations have pursued independent ideals, they have viewed as welcome courtesies the willingness and readiness of the one to borrow sustenance of the other on the road. It is unlikely that any full or formal balance-sheet of such lendings and borrowings will ever be forthcoming, for it is felt instinctively by literary accountants and their clients on both sides of the Channel that the debts on the one side keep a steady pace with the debts on the other, and there is no balance to be collected.

No recondite research is needed to establish this general view of the situation. It is well known how the poetic career of Chaucer, the earliest of great English poets, was begun under French masters. The greatest poem of mediæval France was turned into English by his youthful pen, and the chief French poet of the day, Eustace Des-

champs, held out to him the hand of fellowship in the enthusiastic *balade*, in which he apostrophized "le grand translateur, noble Geoffroi Chaucer." Following Chaucer's example, the great poets of Elizabeth's reign and of James the First's reign most liberally assimilated the verse of their French contemporaries, Ronsard, du Bellay, and Desportes. Frenchmen of the sixteenth century returned the compliment by naturalizing in French translations the prose romances of Sir Philip Sidney and Robert Greene. From the accession of Charles the Second until the accession of George the Third, the English drama framed itself on French models, and Pope, who long filled the throne of a literary dictator in England, acknowledged discipleship to Bolleau. A little later the literary philosophers of France—Rousseau and the *Encyclopédistes*—drew their nutrition from the writings of Hobbes and Locke; French novel-readers of the eighteenth century found the chief joy of life in the tearful emotions excited by the sentimentalities of Richardson and Sterne, and French novel-writers had small chance of recognition, as M. Texte has amply proved, if they disdained to traffic in the lachrymose wares which the English novelists had brought into fashion. At the present moment the cultured Englishman finds his most palatable fiction in the publications of Paris.

Within contemporary memory the English playgoer viewed with impatience any theatrical programme which lacked a Parisian flavor. Tonight, at the London theatre which during this generation has sustained the best traditions of the English drama, an original play on a theme of French history by the greatest living

dramatist of France is performed by English actors. Corresponding tendencies are visible across the Channel. The French stage offers as cordial a reception to plays of English manufacture as is offered in London to the plays derived from France. No histrionic event attracts higher interest in Paris than the assumption by a great actor or actress of a Shakespearean rôle for the first time, and French dramatic critics have been known of late to generate such heat in debates over the right conception of a Shakespearean character that their differences become only capable of adjustment at the sword's point. Moreover, in all the cultivated centres of France a new and unparalleled energy is devoted to-day to the study of English literature of both the present and the past. The research expended on the topic by French scholars has not been excelled in Germany, and has rarely been equalled in England. Critical bibliographies of James Thomson (of *The Seasons*), of Burns, and of Wordsworth have recently come from the pens of French professors of English literature, and their volumes breathe a minute accuracy and a fulness of knowledge which are certainly not habitual to English professors of English literature. This scholarly movement shows signs of rapid extension. It was therefore to be expected that a serious effort should be made in France to determine the character and dimensions of the influence exerted on French literature by the greatest of all English men of letters—by Shakespeare. That work has been undertaken by M. Jusserand. Last year he gave to the world the results of his investigation in his native language. Now with a welcome consideration for the linguistic incapacities of Shakespeare's countrymen, he repeats his conclusions in their tongue. In the English translation he has embellished his labors with many

pictorial illustrations of historic interest and value.¹

II.

Among French writers on English literature, M. Jusserand is the most learned and the most voluminous. He has already treated of almost all periods in published books, and he has been long engaged on an exhaustive "Literary History of the English People," of which the only volume yet published brings the narrative as far as the close of the Middle Ages. M. Jusserand enjoys the rare faculty of writing with almost equal facility and felicity in both French and English. His learning is profound, but he is not overburdened by it, and he preserves his native gaiety of style even when solving crabbed problems of bibliography. He is at times discursive, but he is never tedious, and he shows no trace of that philological pedantry and narrowness or obliquity of critical vision which the detailed study of literary history has been known to breed in English and German investigators.

M. Jusserand handles his present theme with all the lightness of touch and wealth of minute detail to which he has accustomed his readers. Nowhere have so many facts been brought together illustrating the literary intercourse of Frenchmen and Englishmen between the sixteenth and the nineteenth centuries. It is true that his opening chapters have little concern with Shakespeare, but their intrinsic interest and novelty atone for their irrelevance. They shed a flood of welcome light on that interchange of literary information and ideas which is a constant feature in the literary history of the two countries. Many will read here for the first time of the

¹ *Shakespeare in France under the Ancien Régime*, by J. J. Jusserand. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1890.

great poet Ronsard's visits to this country; of the distinguished company of English actors which delighted the Court of Henry IV. of France; and of Ben Jonson's discreditable exploits in the French capital when he went thither as tutor to Sir Walter Ralegh's son. By some freak of fortune Shakespeare's fame was slow in crossing the Channel. The French dramatists of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries lived and died in the paradoxical faith that the British drama reached its apogee in the achievement of the Scottish Latinist, George Buchanan, in whose classical tragedies Montaigne played a part, while he was a student at Bordeaux. Another mistaken belief which French men of letters long cherished was that Sir Thomas More, Sir Philip Sidney, and the father of Lord Chancellor Bacon were the greatest authors which England had begotten or was likely to beget. When Shakespeare's work first arrived in France, Frenchmen were staggered by its originality. They perceived his colossal breaches of classical law. They were shocked by his freedom of speech. When Lewis the Fourteenth's librarian placed a copy of the Second Folio of his works on the shelves of the Royal Library, he noted in his catalogue that Shakespeare "has a rather fine imagination; he thinks naturally; but these fine qualities are obscured by the filth he introduces into his comedies." In spite of the mass of pedestrian literature that was imported into France from England in the seventeenth century, it so happened that Shakespeare had to wait for a fair hearing there till the eighteenth century. Then it was only gradually that his pre-eminence was realized by French critics. It is to Voltaire that Frenchmen owe a full knowledge of Shakespeare. Voltaire's method of teaching Shakespeare to his countrymen was characteristically cynical. He studied him closely when

he visited England as a young man. At that period of his career he not merely praised him with discerning caution, but he paid him the flattery of imitation. Voltaire's tragedy of "Brutus" betrays an intimate acquaintance with Shakespeare's "Julius Cæsar." His "Eryphile" was the product of many perusals of "Hamlet." His "Zaire" is a pale reflection of "Othello." But when Voltaire's countrymen showed a tendency to better Voltaire's instruction, and one Frenchman conferred on Shakespeare the title of "the god of the theatre," Voltaire resented the situation that he had himself created. He was at the height of his own fame, and he felt his reputation as the first of French writers for the stage was in jeopardy. The last years of his life were therefore consecrated to an endeavor to dethrone the idol which his own hands had set up. He traded on the patriotic prejudices of his hearers, but Voltaire's efforts to deprecate Shakespeare were very partially successful. Few writers of power were ready to second him, and after his death the Shakespeare cult in France, of which he was the unwilling inaugurator, spread far and wide. In the nineteenth century Shakespeare was admitted without demur into the French "pantheon of literary gods." Classicists and romanticists vied in doing him honor. The classical painter Ingres introduced his portrait into his famous picture of "Homer's Cortège" (now in the Louvre). The romanticist Victor Hugo recognized only three men as memorable in the history of humanity, and Shakespeare was one of the three; Moses and Homer were the other two. Alfred de Musset became a dramatist under Shakespeare's spell. To George Sand everything in literature seemed flat by the side of Shakespeare's poetry. "The prince of romancers, the elder Dumas, set the English dramatist next to God in the cos-

mic system of the universe; "after God," wrote Dumas, "Shakespeare has created most."

III.

It would be easy to multiply eulogies of Shakespeare from French lips in the vein of Victor Hugo and Dumas—eulogies beside which the enthusiasm of most English critics appears cold and constrained. So unfaltering a note of admiration sounds gratefully in the ears of Shakespeare's countrymen. Yet on closer investigation there seems a rift within the lute. When one turns to the French versions of Shakespeare, for which the chief of Shakespeare's French encomiasts have made themselves responsible, an Englishman is inclined to moderate his exultation in the French panegyrics. No one did more as an admiring critic and translator of Shakespeare than Jean François Ducis, who prepared six of Shakespeare's greatest plays for the French stage at the end of the last century. Not only did Ducis thus introduce Shakespeare's masterpieces to thousands of his countrymen who might otherwise never have heard of them, but his renderings of Shakespeare were turned into Italian and many languages of Eastern Europe, and spread the knowledge of Shakespeare's achievement to the extreme boundaries of Europe. Apparently Ducis did his work under favorable auspices. He corresponded regularly with Garrick, and he was never happier than when studying Shakespeare's text with a portrait of Shakespeare at his side. Yet all his translations of Shakespeare are gross perversions of their originals. He is never verbally faithful; he revises the development of the plots; he gives the *dramatis personæ* new names. His "Othello" was accounted his greatest triumph. But he declined to treat it as a tragedy. Towards the end of his

rendering Iago's villainies are discovered by Othello; Othello and Desdemona are reconciled, and the Moor, exulting in his newly recovered happiness, pardons Iago. The curtain falls on a scene of dazzling domestic bliss. Ducis acknowledged that he was guilty of a somewhat strained interpretation of Shakespeare's tragic scheme, but he defended himself on the ground that French sensitiveness could not endure the agonizing incidents of the true catastrophe. It is, indeed, the fact that the patrons of the *Comédie Française* warned the adapter in the strongest terms against revolting their feelings by reproducing the barbarities that characterized the close of Shakespeare's tragic masterpiece. If such be the true French sentiment, what, we are moved to ask, is the significance of the unqualified regard which Ducis and his countrymen profess for Shakespearean drama? There seems a strange paradox in the situation. Certainly there is a startling paradox in the outcry of Ducis' French clients against the terror of Desdemona's murder. For the protests which Ducis reports on the part of the Parisians bear the date 1792, when the tragedy of the French Revolution—a tragedy of real life, grimmer than any that Shakespeare imagined—was being enacted in literal earnest by the Parisian playgoers themselves.

A like problem is presented by Dumas's efforts under more pacific conditions to adapt Shakespeare for the Parisian stage. With his friend Paul Meurice Dumas prepared the version of "Hamlet" which long enjoyed a standard repute at the *Comédie Française*. Dumas's ecstatic veneration for Shakespeare's genius did not deter him, any more than Ducis was deterred by his veneration, from working havoc on the English text. Shakespeare's blank verse was necessarily turned into Alexandrines. That was compara-

tively immaterial. Of greater moment is it to note that the dénouement of the tragedy was completely revolutionized by Dumas. Hamlet's life is spared by Dumas. The hero's dying exclamation, "The rest is silence," disappears from Dumas's version. At the close of the play Dumas makes the ghost rejoin his son and good-naturedly promises him indefinite prolongation of his earthly career. According to the gospel of Dumas the tragedy of Hamlet inevitably ends, as soon as his and his father's wrongs have been duly avenged, in this fashion:

Hamlet.

Et moi, vais-je rester, triste orphelin
sur terre,
A respirer cet air imprégné de misère?
* * * * *
Est-ce que Dieu sur moi fera peser son
bras,
Père? Et quel châtiment m'attend
donc?

Le Fantôme.

Tu vivras.

Such defiant transgressions of the true Shakespearean canon as those of which Ducis and Dumas stand convicted may well rouse the suspicion that the critical incense they burn at Shakespeare's shrine is offered with the tongue in the cheek. But that suspicion is not justified. Ducis and Dumas worship Shakespeare with a whole heart; but they see him through a distorting medium. The two Frenchmen were fully conscious of Shakespeare's towering greatness. They perceived intuitively that Shakespeare's tragedies transcended all other dramatic achievement. But their aesthetic sense, which, as far as the drama was concerned, was steeped in the classical spirit, set many of the essential features of Shakespeare's genius outside the focus of their vision. To a French-

man a tragedy of classical rank connotes "correctness," an absence of tumult or of crime perpetrated in face of the audience, some observance of the classical law of unity of time, place, and action. Ducis and Dumas recognized involuntarily that certain characteristics of the Shakespearean drama could not live in the classical atmosphere of their own theatre. Excision, expansion, reduction was inevitable before Shakespeare could breathe the air of the French stage. The grotesque perversions of Ducis and Dumas were thus not the fruit of mere waywardness, or carelessness, or dishonesty on the part of the translators; they admit of philosophical explanation. By Englishmen they may be viewed with equanimity, if not with satisfaction. For there is no stronger proof of the irrepressible strength or catholicity of the appeal that Shakespeare's genius makes to the mind and heart of humanity than that the Gallicised or classicised contortions of his mighty work should excite among Frenchmen almost as devoted an homage as his work in its native purity and perfection rouses among men whose spirits are free of the fetters of classical tradition.

IV.

If any still doubt the sincerity of the worship which is offered Shakespeare in France, I would direct the sceptic's attention to a pathetically simple tribute which was paid to the dramatist by a French student in the first year of the present century, when England and France were in the grip of the Napoleonic War. It was then that one obscure Frenchman proved beyond cavil by an ingenuous confession that the English poet, in spite of racial differences of aesthetic sentiment, could touch a French heart more deeply than any French or classical

author. In 1801 there was published at Besançon, "de l'imprimerie de Métoyer," a very thin volume in small octavo, under fifty pages in length, entitled "Pensée de Shakespeare Extraites de ses Ouvrages." No compiler's name is mentioned, but there is little doubt that the book was from the pen of a youthful native of Besançon, Charles Nodier, who was in later life to gain distinction as a writer of romance.

It gives me the greater satisfaction to dwell on this forgotten volume in that it has escaped the notice of M. Jusserand, and no copy of it is in the British Museum. I purchased it less than a month ago by accident. Being wont of an idle afternoon to doze over Shakespeareana, I was admonished to add to my store of Shakespearean soporifics a work of standard repute in that beneficent school of literature, viz. Professor Aristarchos von Dummkopf's "Logarithmic Computation of the Number of Toes in Shakespeare's Feet." Subsequently I learned that Messrs. Sotheby were about to sell this deservedly famous opiate by auction. I sent a messenger to bid for the prize, though the sale catalogue warned me that success in the contest entailed the possession of "seventeen other volumes" which the cataloguer, clearly overcome by slumber in handling the care-charming Von Dummkopf, had failed to specify by name. For aught I knew the "seventeen others" might all be of the same density as the Professor's sedative, and I was in doubt if my library shelves could sustain so heavy a burden as eighteen volumes of a specific gravity akin to Von Dummkopf's. (Only one who has tried to lift specimens of German Shakespeareana can form any conception of what their specific gravity can be.) The risk was great, but fortune favored me. The eighteen works became my property, but, lurking in the rear of the ragged

regiment that accompanied Von Dummkopf to my dwelling-house, stood Charles Nodier's "Pensées de Shakespeare." As soon as I cast eyes on the modest stranger, I felt grateful to the sleepy German for having delivered involuntarily the alert and sympathetic Frenchman into my hands.

The major part of the volume consists of one hundred and ninety numbered sentences—each a French rendering of an aphorism or reflection drawn from Shakespeare's plays. The translator is not always faithful to his English text, but his style is always clear and often rises to eloquence. The book does not, however, owe its interest to Nodier's version of Shakespearean maxims. Nor can one grow enthusiastic over the dedication "A elle"—an unidentified fair one to whom the youthful writer proffers his homage with the most respectful propriety. The salt of the little volume lies in the "Observations Préliminaires," which cover less than five widely-printed pages. These observations breathe a genuine affection for Shakespeare's personality and a sense of gratitude for his achievement in language which no English admirer has excelled in its tenderness and simplicity.

"Shakespeare," writes this French worshipper, "is a friend whom Heaven has given to the unhappy of every age and every country." The writer warns us that he offers no eulogy of Shakespeare; that is to be found in the poet's works, which the Frenchman for his own part prefers to read and read again rather than waste time in praising them. "The features of Alexander ought only to be preserved by Apelles." Nodier merely collects some of Shakespeare's thoughts on great moral truths which he thinks to be useful to the conduct of life. But such extracts, he admonishes his reader, supply no true knowledge of Shakespeare. "From Shakespeare's works one can draw

forth a philosophy, but from no system of philosophy could one construct one page of Shakespeare." Nodier concludes his "Observations" thus:—

"I advise those who do not know Shakespeare to study him in himself. I advise those who know him already to read him again. . . . I know him, but I must needs declare my admiration for him. I have reviewed my powers, and am content to cast a flower on his grave since I am not able to raise a monument to his memory."

Language like this admits no questioning of its sincerity.

The Nineteenth Century.

Lovers of Shakespeare, of whatever nationality, can do no better than emulate Nodier's modest example. Shakespeare needs no monument of eulogy, and, did he need one, it is doubtful if any dweller to-day in the realms of art or letters be competent to contrive a worthy memorial. But, happily, there are still some in all parts of the globe who, like M. Jusserand, may, without immodesty, and with advantage to literature, lay on the poet's tomb a sprig of sympathetic scholarship.

Sidney Lee.

CUTTIN' RUSHES.

Oh, maybe it was yesterday, or fifty years ago!
 Meself was risin' early on a day for cuttin' rushes;
 Walkin' up the Brabla' burn, still the sun was low,
 Now I'd hear the burn run an' then I'd hear the thrushes.
 Young, still young!—an' drenchin' wet the grass,
 Wet the golden honeysuckle hangin' sweetly down;
Here, lad, here! will ye follow where I pass,
 An' find me cuttin' rushes on the mountain.

Then was it only yesterday, or fifty years or so?
 Rippin' round the bog high among the heather,
 The hook it made me hand sore, I had to lave it go;
 'Twas he that cut the rushes then for me to bind together.
Come, dear, come!—an' back along the burn
 See the darlin' honeysuckle hangin' like a crown.
Quick, one kiss! Sure, there's some one at the turn!
 "Oh, we're afther cuttin' rushes on the mountain."

Yesterday, yesterday, or fifty years ago . . .
 I waken out o' dreams when I hear the summer thrushes.
 Oh, that's the Brabla' burn, I can hear it sing an' flow,
 For all that's fair, I'd sooner see a bunch o' green rushes.
Kun, burn, run! Can ye mind when we were young?
 The honeysuckle hangs above, the pool is dark an' brown:
Sing, burn, sing! Can ye mind the song ye sung
 The day we cut the rushes on the mountain?

Blackwood's Magazine.

Moira O'Neill.

OUR ANCESTORS' LESSON-BOOKS.

In glancing at the subject of education in the olden time—education before it became the many-headed, all-engrossing giant it now is—one is inclined to be surprised at two things. First, that our sturdy forefathers knew so little; and secondly, that they knew so much; or, to speak the exact truth, as much as they did. The majority of them were, one must admit, arrant ignoramuses as far as book-lore was concerned. But let no man deride them for this; rather let him consider carefully the books from whose pages former generations were constrained with sorrow and sighing to cull the bitters of knowledge. Afterwards he will possibly marvel how on earth his great-great-grandfather, whose pictured face gazes at him severely from beneath a Georgian wig, ever got learning enough to become a lawyer or a bishop, as the case may be. A liberal application of the rod helped, perhaps, in some measure; but into that branch of the subject we will not at this time wander.

Badly printed and unutterably wearisome were the earliest educational works; there was not the faintest attempt to render them interesting to the "painful" scholar. True, to us modern individuals some of them appear excessively funny; but it is hardly probable that the unfortunate wights for whose edification they were written regarded them in this light—especially as the humor to be found in them is entirely unintentional. For instance, there is a quaint little grammar tucked away upon a lofty shelf at the Bodleian, which was compiled, to quote its author, for the "happy proceeding" of scholars in the Latin tongue. Note that he does not write it *tung*, like another learned pedagogue, Richard Mulcaster.

The happy proceeding sounds, I faith, like the direst irony. Lived there in those days a boy with so unnatural a mind that he loved his Latin grammar? I do not believe it; but if one did, his schoolfellows probably put an end to him speedily.

When a child—our ancestral child, of course—had done with his hornbook, he was presently harassed by some dreadful little spelling-book or another. One of the pioneers in this line was called "A petee schole of spellinge and writinge Englishe," dated 1580. As a later effort came "The Compleat Schoolmaster," which was obligingly composed for the general good—see preface—by John Brooksbank, minister, residing in Jerusalem Court, Fleet Street. This "Compleat Schoolmaster" is a nightmare in two parts, either of them calculated to drive the learner crazy. In the first, he was forced to struggle in mortal combat with such words as *spleyngh*, *sprawyglid*, and *squewagls*, which are not Welsh, however much they may look like it. In the second, he proceeded from comparatively simple sentences, as "Beg the big buffle bag and let it ly on the bog," to such complicated efforts as "He was drabl'd and drabl'd 'cause he grubl'd where they brabl'd," or, "Now he wabl's 'cause he was hackl'd with kibls and cobls."

There are four-and-twenty pages of this stuff which is all the more aggravating because one feels an intense and unreasoning desire to get to the meaning of it. Why did he, whoever he was, go and grubl where they had a fancy to brabl, and what came of it at last? Also, are those mysterious kibls and cobls chilblains, or are they pebbles?

I picture the Rev. John Brooksbank

to myself as a shabby-genteel man with a double chin, and a fat way of rolling out his syllables. He walked Fleet Street before Dr. Johnson's day, otherwise the two who dealt in words might have met and had a tussle royal, adjourning to the "Mitre" or the "Cheeshire Cheese" afterwards. On second thoughts, however, I feel sure that the great Cham of literature, as Smollett called him, would have had nought to say to a person who could invent such nonsense as "He kept his birthday at the mirtl with a turtl in a kurtl." A second tedious spelling-book compiled by this same Mr. Brooksbank contains no fewer than three separate dedications, one to the Lord Mayor of London, to whom he comprehensively wishes "all Health and Happiness, external, internal, and eternal," one to the Aldermen, and one to the Apprentices. "England's perfect School-Master," 1699, by Nathaniel Strong, is a creation of the same ilk; the grandest thing about it being the title. One cannot help being amused too, at an advertisement in the London Chronicle, in which Mrs. Lownes of the *White Lion* recommends a grammar for young children.

Ancient illustrated alphabets usually rejoiced in two or three gruesome little pictures, calculated to strike terror to the infant breast. As the punishment of hanging was so much in vogue for even trivial offences, the letter G almost invariably stood for Gallows. To impress the moral still deeper R stood for "Robber who died by the Rope," and M for Murder, graphically illustrated by a cut representing one man stabbing another; C started the series with Coffin, so that altogether an old alphabet is a very lively and instructive piece of work. In extenuation it must be said that the publishers did but follow the popular taste, for even kind and well-meaning parents were of the opinion that an occasional dose of

horrors was good for their offspring. This we can see from the "Fairchild Family," that delectable little story-book the early editions of which have been literally thumbed out of existence. In this tale, the three children, the oldest of whom is only nine, are solemnly taken by their father to see a criminal hanging in chains. It is hardly necessary to say that they are anxious to get away from this ghastly spectacle as quickly as possible. But Mr. Fairchild will not let them stir from the spot until he has related the whole history of the crime, and finished up with an appropriate hymn and prayer. These were the days, one must recollect, when London mothers of the poorer classes took their children as a great treat to see an execution at Newgate.

As time went on, spelling-books and "Compleat Schoolmaster" blossomed out into short tales, which generally endeavored to point a moral, although, it must be admitted, it was often rather a dubious one. The good intention, however, was always there, and people were nothing like so critical as they are now. An unpretentious "Reader" to be bought at the "Hand and Pen" in East Smithfield gives a little story which strikes one as being somewhat of a curiosity in this line. It may be briefly rendered as follows:

A certain old man is in the habit of rising early, while his son, on the contrary, is a confirmed sluggard. In the course of one of his matutinal walks, the old gentleman picks up a bag of gold, which, upon his return he exhibits triumphantly to his boy.

"It had been good for him that lost it to have been in Bed as I am," is the characteristic remark of young Hopeful as he lolls upon his pillows. With this sentiment, however, his parent will by no means agree, and he tells his son—this is rather a shock to the honest reader—that he intends to use some of the gold to put him to a trade where

he will have to work the best part of the night. Moral (not in the book): Always stick to what you find in your morning walks.

"The patient Sheep" is also singularly artless and inconsequent. "There was once a sheep so charming from its innocent countenance, its fine fleecy coat, and its harmless pranks, that the son of the gentleman whose property it was took it home for his amusement. Having played with it for a length of time, till he was tired, it was again returned to the flock. During its domestic confinement it had endured many sufferings from the wildness of its young master, and now no longer dreaded shearing, or the other hardships incidental to the flock, for its early privations had taught it patience. Moral: In youth be patient under suffering, and learn to bear wrong meekly."

Another primitive reader, for the use of schools, rejoiced in the imposing title of "A Delectable Little History in Metre of a Lord and his three Sons, containing his Latter Will and Legacy to them upon his death-bed; and what befell them after his death." Later on we arrive at "The Ladies' Help to Spelling," 1722, compiled by a Scotch pedagogue, which was in addition a Letter-Writer, and ended up with thirty-seven pages of Biblical names, divided into syllables! There was also the "Polite Tutoress," written more especially for feminine sprigs of nobility, being a "Series of Dialogues between a sensible Governess and several of her pupils of the first Rank."

Mavor's Spelling-book was popular during the first half of the present century, and went through numerous editions. There are plenty of people who can recollect their early struggles with it, and with the simple story therein related of Miss Jane Bond, who had a new doll, and "her kind aunt gave her a fine piece of cloth to make

a shift for it. She also gave her a pair of stays and a long lace with a tag to it, some pretty blue gauze to make a frock and a broad white sash." There is to me something fascinating about the idea of that early Victorian doll with stays actually made to lace up! Somehow, Miss Jane Bond is connected in my mind with a certain discreet Miss Betsy Higgins, aged six, who figures—promenading on a common in a square-cut bodice—in one of Dorothy Kilner's antiquated stories. Betsy, we are told, held up her head and turned out her toes, and was so clever and agreeable that everybody was fond of her. She never forgot to say Madam or Sir; so that people used to call her the good Miss Higgins. The book does not mention whether she died young or not.

A new era in educational works was inaugurated by Mrs. Barbauld, Mrs. Trimmer, and Hannah More, all of whom did good service in their generation. Their writings had, at any rate, something human about them, a quality conspicuously absent in those of their predecessors. It would be hard to say how many thousands of British children were brought up on Mrs. Barbauld's "Easy Lessons" and "Hymns in Prose," and Mrs. Trimmer's spelling-books and "Fabulous Histories." These last were great favorites, particularly one which dealt with the fortunes of a family of Redbreasts, who were dubbed respectively Robin, Dicky, Pecksy, and Flapsy. Mrs. Trimmer, a most kindly, comfortable-looking person from her portrait, had twelve children of her own to bring up, so that she might be supposed to understand what she was talking about. Now that every second woman you meet dabbles in literature, it is interesting to know that worthy Mrs. Trimmer was extremely anxious to get her books placed on the S. P. C. K.'s lists, but that "this honor she was sensible

could not easily be attained by a female writer." After considerable delay, however, they passed the standard of orthodoxy required, being approved of by certain dignitaries of the Church and eminent divines. Consequently the creator of Pecksy and Flapsy was made happy.

The immediate forerunners of our modern school books were very scrappy affairs. Catechisms, Outlines, and Abridgments were the order of the day when the crinoline swayed supreme, and lessons were learned to the accompaniment of the blackboard and the stocks. One little insignificant volume was made to do duty for six, being packed with assorted information. A specimen of this kind now lies before me, wanting both back and title-page. It contains a Complete English Grammar, the History of the Kings of England, with a doggerel verse for each, Geography, taking in the whole world, a Chronological Table from the Creation to the year 1776, Arithmetic Tables, a list of foreign coins, and a page or two of mythology. This last is in the form of question and answer: "Who was the father of Bacchus?"

Good Words.

"Whatean you tell me about Pomona?" and so on. Mythology does not receive much attention in present-day schools; it is not considered a "branch." As a result, the rising generation, if turned into a gallery of old masters, can sometimes find no other name for the gods and goddesses therein depicted but "old buffers."

Lord Byron is said to have liked "something craggy whereon to break his mind." Our mothers and fathers broke their juvenile minds, and so also did some of us, upon "Murray's Grammar," which was craggy enough for anybody, Slater's "Chronology," Keith "On the Globes," Mangnall's "Questions," Ince's "Outlines," and Pinnoch's "Catechism;" also upon the "Child's Guide to Knowledge," "Mary's Grammar," (but that had stories in it!), and dear old "Mrs. Markham" of happy and universal memory. Upon many a dusty top shelf can these waifs and strays of by-gone educational struggles be found, left stranded by the tide that is now a mighty torrent, the end of whose course no man can by any means foresee.

Sheila E. Braine.

THE CRIMINAL APPEARANCE.

It does not require the abilities of a Lombroso, in visiting a number of prisons, to detect certain family resemblances in the members of different classes of prisoners. Indeed, the first thing that strikes the casual visitor to a prison is usually the remarkable sameness in the general appearance of a number of criminals. The first offender, the victim of a sudden temptation, may be, and often, of course, is, an exception, though even in his case the close observer will gen-

erally be able to trace in his countenance the mark of Cain, Nature's danger-signal, warning his fellows of the weak spot in his character. In the habitual offender, the true natural criminal, it is extraordinary how closely one resembles another within certain well-defined limits. This is a fact which has been commented on by almost every criminologist. "There is," says Hepworth Dixon, "a certain monotony and family resemblance in the criminal countenance, at once repulsive

and interesting." Lombroso, of course, dilates at great length on the same fact, and any one who has been brought much in contact with the prison population of the country can fully confirm their observations.

There are, as a fact, two main classes of physiognomy to be found amongst criminals, and, in the ordinary way, two only; to one or other of these orders every criminal belongs, conforming more or less closely to the standard type. Both of these classes are stamped with many of the same characteristics, both are cast in the same general mould, though in the subsequent finishing of detail they have been modelled on vastly different lines. So that whilst there is a general superficial resemblance of the one to the other, they are found on close examination to be, in detail, as far apart as the poles. Perhaps our meaning would be more accurately explained by reversing the metaphor and saying that the types of the two classes have been cast in exactly opposite kinds of moulds, but that the action of the criminal life has worn both down to a dead level of sameness, so that at first sight the great divergence between them is not readily apparent, though the real contrast between them is quite startling on a closer examination. The existence of these two orders is borne out by statistics. One finds that, whereas the average of the measurements and facial and physical peculiarities of a large number of criminals—the mean between the two extreme types—approximates most closely to the average for a similar number of law-abiding members of the community in similar walks of life, the actual average measurements themselves are never, or only very rarely, found in any one prisoner, whilst they are the commonest measurements in the respectable section of society. To take an instance: The average size of a

prisoner's head is the same as that of ordinary individuals, but whereas the average-sized head is the usual size outside the bars of the prison gate, within them it is scarcely ever met with; the criminal head is one of two extremes, either very large or very small, hardly ever normal. In the same way with his whole appearance, individually, he belongs to one or other of two extreme types; his neck is either very short and thick, or very long and thin; his forehead very low, narrow, and receding, or very square and protruding; his lips very thin and compressed, or very thick and flabby; his hands very small and delicate, or very large and coarse; his nose very high and narrow, or very squat and broad; his eyes very small, sunk, and beady, or very aggressive and staring. In fact, his every feature is abnormally exaggerated in one direction or minimized in the other. Of either class all the members are extraordinarily alike, whilst in both classes one finds something which is not exactly the expression, is not a definable characteristic, but rather a general air or appearance which at once marks out the convict as not as other men are. The expression in the one order may be servile and cringing, in the other bold and aggressive; the characteristic of the one may be brutality and of the other cowardice, but in both and in every member of both is the same forbidding aspect, which causes the child to cry or the dog to snarl at the sight of the law-breaker, whilst the grown man, his finer susceptibilities and instincts blunted by the stress of life amongst his fellow men, feels a sense of distrust and repulsion.

The explanation of these two classes of convict appearances is not far to seek. All kinds of crime may be divided into two orders, the crime of brutality and the crime of meanness, the offence against

the person and the offence against property; the murder, assault, rape on the one hand; the theft and swindle on the other. Hence it is that the face of the criminal, his expression, his whole bearing denote either fierce brutality—the savage in his nature rising uppermost—or else sneaking cowardice—the animal cunning in him triumphing over all other instincts. In both cases he is a wrong-doer, the enemy of society, at war with convention and order, and hence in both occurs the salient aspect of the criminal, almost obliterating the actual specific contrast in the cast of the features and in the expression. Some criminals, of course, belong in part to both classes, form, as it were, the connecting links between them, or, rather, typify the wholly debased nature in which one can trace only the savage animal, with no saving images of Divinity. Such are the robbers with violence, or the homicidal housebreakers.

When one comes to examine the two classes, one finds, to treat of some of the features in detail, that the mouth and chin, the eyes and forehead, show the greatest distinction. The murderer, for instance, is frequently underhung, as was Charles Peace. In criminals of the brutal order the jaw is generally massive; the mouth thick lipped and protruding; the eyes are bold and passionate, frequently of a reddish tinge with bloodshot whites; the eyebrows are heavy, overhanging and straight, usually meeting to form one line; the forehead is square and lumpy. Other signs of the brutality class of crime are the flat, square-shaped head, the small projecting and frequently hairy ears, the short bull-neck, the coarse gnarled hands, the squab nose; convicts of this kind will often be found to have some deformity physically, and to be a hairy, much-blemished race. In the thief, on the other hand, one finds small shifty

eyes, shaded by light colored lashes and sparse irregular eye-brows, usually tending upwards at the outer corners or else very arched and afflicted with a nervous twitch; the lips as a rule are thin and bloodless, the chin receding, the forehead smooth and sloping. The head of this class is generally high and pointed, the ears flat to the head and badly modelled. The hands are soft and small, the nose very frequently straight and regular, though often it rises to a high ridge just below the bridge, and is so constricted as to give the appearance—so favorite with lady novelists—of the eyes being close together. The breadth across the frontal bone is, in fact, usually less than normal.

These two general types embrace practically the whole criminal class, and, widely as the one is separated from the other, so marked in both is that criminal aspect already mentioned, that it seems to overshadow the great distinction between them, and, to the casual observer, to reduce both classes to a monotonous similarity which is infinitely depressing. It is probably this feature of the criminal appearance which accounts for the fact that most criminologists agree that criminals are scarcely ever good looking. To quote Hepworth Dixon again: "A handsome face is a thing rarely seen in a prison." "Beautiful faces," says another expert, "are rarely found in criminals." If one thinks of those who have been convicted during the last ten years one can recall few instances of notorious prisoners with any claim to good looks. Mrs. Maybrick and Mrs. Osborne form exceptions, but no others rise to the mind. The fact is that to respectable members of society there is something repulsive about the appearance of those capable of real crime, an instinctive antipathy to those signs of baseness which are unfailingly written on the countenance.

How truly this aversion is instinctive is clearly shown by the fact already alluded to, that it is most readily experienced by young children and the more intelligent section of the animal world. Hundreds of instances are recorded of experiments in which children on being shown a number of photographs, amongst which is one of a criminal, have expressed their horror and dislike of "The Naughty Man," whilst they have been amused or attracted by the other portraits. One curious fact about this criminal aspect is worthy of record—the morbid fascination it appears to exercise on some women. Almost every notorious criminal has, in his own walk of life, been a most successful lady-killer; bigamy is a constant companion of the more brutal

forms of crime; and there are scores of instances of criminals, with no particular claim to good looks or pleasing manners, who have been able, by a strange power of fascination, to enslave the affections and imaginations of large numbers of perfectly innocent and healthy-minded girls with good prospects in life. The explanation of this indisputable fact involves a consideration of more than one complex psychological problem quite unconnected from the criminal appearance; but it is interesting to notice, none the less. The criminal appearance is, beyond a doubt, a well-defined reality, easily recognizable by the experienced eye and rarely pleasing to the healthy mind.

The Speaker.

VALE.

Little child that standest on the threshold
Of the dark descent that leads—no man knows whither,
Following in the footsteps of thy father,

Where the footprints lead, thou walkest bravely,
Darker grow the shadows, steeper falls the pathway,
Nearer looms the vast and shrouded portal.

Ah, but see! the footprints turn, remounting,
Tiny feet, you too, the golden sun is calling
To the flowers and grasses of the meadow.

Wherefore dost thou halt as if uncertain?
What! another voice, not father's and not mother's?
Who is this that speaks, "*My child, come hither!*"

Whose the hand stretched out athwart the darkness?
Whose the arm that clasps thee, strong, yet very gentle?
Whose the kiss upon the lips of silence?

The Spectator.

B. Paul Neuman.

